CHRISTMAS BOOKS—2

Muggeridge on Eden

THE NEW

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The Morning After the Night Before

THE Commons sobered up for Mr. Macmillan's grave statement on the economic situation with all the hollow-eyed solemnity of an over-indulgent host who is sharply recalled from last night's alcoholic reverie by the cold, morning view of the mess which has to be cleared up. It is a common-place by now to observe that the bill which has to be paid for Sir Anthony Eden's excesses is much heavier than was expected. Britain is now facing an economic reverse of the first magnitude and of a new kind.

The immediate problem with which the Chancellor had to deal was the flight from sterling—considerable and dangerous during the past month; and the primary purpose of Mr. Macmillan's statement was to discourage the "bears" among international currency speculators and to encourage the European banks to believe that sterling is still a currency which can be safely held. His plan to throw in what Mr. Harold Wilson called "the second line of reserves" to fortify the pound, and his categorical announcement that he intends no devaluation, have probably succeeded in this overriding purpose.

Beyond this limited and specific application of first aid lies a further and more deep-seated ill which has not yet been apprehended by the public. The direct economic consequence of the British invasion of Egypt has been the almost total loss of our Middle East oil supplies. Nor will they be quickly or easily restored. The clearing of the Canal and the repair of the pumping stations which push the Kirkuk oil across the Syrian desert to the Mediterranean can be accomplished, given a quick Anglo-French withdrawal from Egypt, within a few months. But in the most favourable circumstances there can be no full resumption of Middle East supplies before next summer and for one reason or another the job may easily take longer. We may never get back to the point from which Sir Anthony set out.

It is the possibility that we may have imperilled our oil supplies for good which is the really ominous feature of the present situation. A continuing oil famine would disrupt our economy more than any other shortage, save only that of coal. Unemployment, which at present is largely confined to vehicle manufacture, may during the winter months spread through manufacturing industry generally. At the same time, the Chancellor will be bound to seek new sources of internal revenue—in other words to impose further checks on consumption—both to limit the inflationary effects of the drying-up of the oil revenue and to cut other imports to pay for dollar oil. In other words we have at the same time a weakened pound, an alarming drain on our gold and dollar reserves, a sharp fall in internal tax revenue and a crippling shortage of a basic raw material. This is the nightmare which has haunted every post-war Chancellor—the fear that when confronted with the alternative dangers of inflation or slump, he would have nothing in reserve with which to prime the productive pump.

A very grave responsibility now rests upon the Labour Party. There can be no further confidence in the fumbling, incompetent Ministers who have led us gratuitously into our present trouble; and it is the duty of the Opposition to press, not merely for a change of Prime Minister, but for a change of government. Yet Mr. Gaitskell and his colleagues must also accept the stiffer task of formulating their own alternative policy and expounding the seriousness of Britain's economic problem. The worst that could happen would be a Labour government swept into office by the spite of angry motorists; and the principal task before the party in the next few weeks is to hammer home the point that only a radical change in economic policy can cope with the fuel shortage and ensure that, in the period of austerity which is bound to lie ahead, Fair Shares shall once again be the watch-word of the British economy.

Comments on the Week's News

Clearing the Canal

The rapid clearance of the Canal is one of the few positive remedies for the economic crisis into which the folly of London and Paris has plunged western Europe. As the British and French troops are now withdrawing, it seems unlikely that President Nasser will persist in his refusal to permit salvage operations in the lower stretches of the Canal: indeed, the Egyptians have apparently agreed to the employment of British equipment on condition that it is at the "disposal" of the United Nations. Until the damage has been properly surveyed, no accurate estimate can be made of the time needed to clear the Canal. But there seems to be some chance that a temporary and restricted channel can be opened in a matter of a few weeks, though complete clearance and repair of the installations will take much longer. The Canal, at all events, is likely to be operated under emergency conditions for at least three months. And this means that the original problem about control and supervision must be settled in that time by negotiation. No doubt the British will be as obdurate as possible, if only to avoid the further humiliation of having to accept in January terms that they refused to accept in August. But the main lines of a settlement were already laid down in the exchanges between Mr. Hammarskjold and Dr. Fawzi which immediately preceded the war on Egypt. By this time, the difference between Cairo and the two western powers had narrowed to the form of arbitration of any dispute between the Egyptians and the users of the Canal, and to a disagreement about the means of redress if either party failed to observe the award of the arbitrator. This difference is important, but it can be resolved. The price of keeping the Canal closed for political reasons once it is physically open again would be higher than either Egypt or the users can afford.

More Feathers in the Bed?

The government's new policy of "long-term assurances for agriculture" is an attempt to check its growing unpopularity in the farming areas. As a result of decontrol, farmers' incomes have been steadily declining. They fell from a total of £331 m. in 1952 to an anticipated figure of £292 m. in the current year. Yet the burden on the taxpayer of agricultural grants and guarantees remains heavy. Uncertainty about the future has been driving the farmer to disloyal thoughts; hence the government's assurance that in future the total value of the guarantees and grants (at present estimated at some £1,150 m.) shall not be reduced in any year by more than 2½ per cent. of the preceding year's figure. This will be adjusted to take into account any cost increases or decreases which have occurred in review commodities during the year, with the further safeguard that the guaranteed price for each commodity will be maintained at 96 per cent. of the previous year's figure. For livestock and livestock products there is the additional promise that reductions in the guarantees will not exceed 9 per cent. in any three years. All this means greater stability for the farmer plus greater rigidity in the taxpayer's burden. It does nothing to ensure higher production—indeed, the White Paper hints that consumption may decline. With retail prices at their present level, this is not surprising. In the past 18 months, the average auction price for top-grade cattle has nearly halved, yet beef is fetching high scarcity prices in the shops. Decontrol has proved the middleman's paradise. The "major new scheme of grants," also announced, is estimated to cost the Exchequer a further £50 m. over a ten-year period. In future, in addition to the present capital grants for water supply and drainage, farmers will get one-third of the cost of buildings and roads and of long-term improvements in the land. This is designed to help the small man who has not benefited from tax concessions for this purpose. In return, small, uneconomic units are to be encouraged to amalgamate. This would be a welcome development if, in its post-Crichel-Down panic, the government could be trusted to insist that it got efficiency for money.

The Petrol Muddle

Mr. Aubrey Jones's present scheme for petrol rationing is bound to lead to muddle and hardship. The announcement of the scheme a month ahead of its operation flouts all war-time experience of good administration and has already created over most of the country a petrol famine for ordinary citizens, as the professional pump crawlers move from garage to garage queueing for their odd gallons—and often spilling them on the ground from overflowing tanks. This weekend almost everybody longs for rationing day to arrive, and many cars—not all used solely for pleasure—are dry and immobilised. But will the actual start of rationing solve the problem? Almost certainly not. The government's extraordinary decision to allow every car, whatever its use, 200 miles of motoring a month is totally unjustifiable in times of such stringency. The result of this prodigal allowance for pleasure purposes (and, whether the Minister likes the word or not, much of its use will be for pleasure) means that an inadequate supply is left for those who really need more petrol for their professional or business purposes. No doubt a more or less satisfactory arrangement will be made for the medical profession and some other small privileged groups, but a great many people are going to suffer real and avoidable hardship. Meanwhile motorists for whom a car is an economically marginal luxury—and there are very many of these—habitually lay their cars up for the winter; while many other pleasure motorists do less than 200 miles a month between Christmas and Easter. There is no reason to suppose that either of these groups will refrain from taking up their coupons, and a black market in petrol coupons seems a certainty by the New Year.

The Employers Stand Pat

The employers' rejection of the engineering trade unions' application for an all-round wage advance of 10 per cent. came as no surprise. Indeed, they had announced their intention before the demand was formally made; and their chairman, Mr. Brady, told the unions that consultation with the firms affected had brought an overwhelming endorsement of their Federation's attitude. Wages, the employers declared, were already adequate, the wage for a skilled fitter being £11 4s. 7d., exclusive of overtime, and for a labourer £8 5s. 4d.—presumably for a full working week. These are, of course, the employers' own figures: the latest official figures are for April, when average earnings for adult male workers, skilled and unskilled together, were £12 12s. 0d. for general engineering, and £12 16s. 0d. for the vehicle industries, both exclusive of overtime payments. The general average for adult males in all the manufacturing industries was then £12 2s. 0d. These figures hardly bear out the commonly held impression that most engineering workers are in receipt of very large earnings. The employers' contention is, of course, that British exports are losing ground to those of West Germany, particularly for motor cars and bicycles, and to those of the United States. But the unions, despite the immediate danger of under-employment as a consequence of the oil crisis, are not likely to accept the employers' rebuff. What seems likely is a resort to "go slow" tactics, unless the employers think again and agree to a moderate advance. The provincial busmen have already settled with their employers on a basis of 5s. a week advance—an amount which the workers in London Transport have just rejected as too little. Unless the engineering employers are determined on a showdown, which seems rather improbable, there is still plenty of time for second thoughts before any really serious trouble is likely to arise.

Danger in the Gold Coast

The situation in the Gold Coast is far worse than has been revealed in the British press. Not only has the opposition now demanded that the British government divide the country into two separate independent states on March 6, but its leaders are openly preaching sedition and preparing for armed revolt. This dangerous situation has come about just at the moment when it appeared that the government and opposition had approached closer than ever before to a constitutional compromise. In the recent discussions between the two, the government accepted a large measure of regional devolution, while the opposition agreed that final authority should remain at the centre in Accra. It is therefore surprising to find, so soon after the constitutional conference, government and opposition once more facing each other with complete intransigence across an apparently unbridgeable chasm. The government has said that its constitutional proposals are now final. Opposition leaders are firmly demanding secession of Ashanti and the Northern Territories, appealing for recruits to a frontier guard, urging their people to store arms, and have declared a complete boycott of the Assembly. Representatives of Ashanti and the Northern Territories met last week-end at Tamale to discuss their plans for separate independence. At this critical time the Governor, Prime Minister and Commissioner of Police are on leave, and the Finance Minister at the United Nations. The reason for this attitude of bitter hostility is the complete distrust with which opposition leaders regard members of the government. All their constitutional proposals, therefore, have been designed to prevent the majority party in the Assembly exercising power through cabinet government. Having now come to the end of their constitutional devices they are apparently seriously preparing for violent resistance. If independence in March were to be accompanied by an outbreak of violence, the whole cause of African democracy would be set back many years. The full processes of parliamentary democracy have been employed in the election of the present members of the Assembly; and Africans in every part of the continent will find it hard to forgive either set of leaders in the Gold Coast Assembly if they fail to reach a *modus vivendi* at this moment of crisis.

Terms for Bucharest

Rumania, more docile than Poland or Hungary, is still under Moscow's effective control—and the disarming of a substantial part of the Rumanian army has diminished what little bargaining power the ruling clique in Bucharest possesses. But some concessions have had to be made by the Russians, even as the security grip has been tightened. The Rumanian economy is in a parlous state—flour and sugar rationing have had to be reintroduced in a country once capable of exporting both—thanks to bureaucratic incompetence, peasant resistance and Soviet exploitation. The standard of life is at least as low as that which drove the Poznan workers on to the streets or that which is now revealed by the statements of refugees who have left Hungary. Some help is now offered by Moscow. Under the terms of the declaration of October 30 on "the independence and sovereignty" of states in the Soviet orbit, the Russians have promised a Rumanian delegation the early delivery of 450,000 tons of wheat and 60,000 tons of forage. But Chivu Stoica and his colleagues, unlike Mr. Gomulka, have not persuaded the Russians to make up for past exploitation by cancelling debts or offering a really large credit. And where Mr. Gomulka secured an elaborate agreement about the disposition of Soviet troops, the Rumanians have had to be content with the "temporary" retention of the Russian forces and further "consultation" with the other signatories of the Warsaw Pact. In return, the Rumanians have strongly endorsed the Soviet action in Hungary. Despite this apparent harmony between Bucharest and Moscow—an enforced marriage, because both parties to it know that the withdrawal of Russian troops would lead at once to a collapse even more spectacular than the Hungarian rising. There are signs that even the Stalinist party leader, Gheorghiu-Dej, is beginning to grow restless—and, perhaps, anxious—since his exchange of visits with Tito.

Crisis in Indonesia

The resignation last Saturday of Indonesia's Vice-President Hatta means that he has finally decided that co-operation with President Sukarno is no longer practicable and that the present government is incapable of bringing much-needed stability to the country. Dr. Hatta's decision was taken in despair, rather than in haste or in anger. A Crippsian figure, rather austere, reserved, but extremely able, and incorruptible, either by power or by any financial considerations, he has become increasingly critical of the President. He has not only deeply felt that President Sukarno should set an example to the nation in his personal life, but that he should be above the political struggle and resist the temptation to intervene in state affairs. Vice-President Hatta, a non-party man, wants to see parliament functioning as a genuine parliament and the government expressing the will of the people. The President, an able politician, has recently returned from visits to the Soviet Union and to the Chinese People's Republic; he makes no secret of the fact that he envies presidents who are not hampered by a bewilderment of political parties. (There are about 30 of them.) Dr. Hatta's resignation comes at a time of dangerous tension in Indonesia, especially in the army. Only three weeks ago, the former Deputy Chief of Staff, Col. Lubis, led an abortive attempt to overthrow the government. Its aim was to force the resignation of President Sukarno, to purge certain of the party leaders and military commanders, and "change the ideology of the state." He was dismissed the service last week, but the degree of support he had achieved is reflected in the fact that about 15 army officers, all from West Java, including Djakarta, have been charged by the army prosecutor with taking part in the plot. In this crisis, several leading political figures have suggested that the present government should be disbanded and replaced by a new government to be led by Dr. Hatta.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Washington

Patching it Up?

Our Washington Correspondent writes: The United States is now working for a rapprochement with Britain. Next Monday is a kind of deadline for patching up Anglo-French-American differences, for there is a Nato meeting in Paris. The U.S. delegation will be led by Mr. Dulles, who has returned from his convalescence to find that in one week he has to create some semblance of a coherent policy so that America's allies at least will know where the U.S. stands.

The decision to waive the anti-trust laws and permit the oil companies to go ahead with their emergency plan for shipments to Europe was thus in some degree a prelude to the Paris meeting. The strains and stresses of British domestic politics also had something to do with the decision. American officials have emphatically denied that there was any direct link between the oil offer and the Anglo-French decision to withdraw from the Canal. As one U.S. spokesman put it, "there was no thought of holding back oil, no matter what kind of withdrawal plan Britain and France had announced." Despite such disclaimers, however, there can be little doubt that the White House refrained from setting the emergency plan in motion as long as it was believed that a prematurely friendly gesture towards France and Britain would provoke the Arabs to renewed sabotage of oil installations.

For the time being, European countries will be asked to make their own arrangements for paying for the oil they buy from the western hemisphere. Everyone here knows that this will create a first-class dollar crisis, but Washington is going along with European officials who want to get the oil flowing first and to leave questions of payment until later. Britain, for example, will be expected to draw on the dollar reserve, despite the precarious balance of payments situation. As the reserves drop, American officials concede, there "could be" discussions about a new U.S. loan.

At this point, the President may run into difficulties with Congress. This week I have canvassed as many senators and representatives as I could find on Capitol Hill: not one was prepared to forecast that Congress would give any sort of priority to proposals for aiding western Europe. It will be many months before Congress will be in a mood to pay for a mess that, in the view of most, was none of America's making. Indeed, the point was made to me that if such aid is offered it will be couched in terms of help to the other countries of Europe that agreed with American policy on Suez, and who are now suffering from Anglo-French foolhardiness. And the wheels of the American political machine turn slowly. There is not much chance of an injection of dollars into Europe in the bleak winter months ahead.

Copenhagen

Split in the International

A Special Correspondent writes: British Labour leaders seem to thrive on the heady air of Copenhagen. It was there eight years ago that Morgan Phillips made his famous declaration that the Labour Party is "Methodist, not Marxist." And last week-end, attending his first Socialist International conference, Hugh Gaitskell scored a notable personal and political success, by forcing through a resolution condemning the Anglo-French invasion of Egypt. Meeting before the full council meeting, the Executive Bureau had agreed that the situation *vis-à-vis* France and Israel was so delicate, that the debate on the Middle East had best be confined to generalities, without any formal declaration of policy, in the hope of preserving unity and saving the French from embarrassment. The British delegation, led by Gaitskell, took a firm line against fence-sitting. For leaders of world social democracy to fail to give a lead, they argued, would reduce the International to a mere talking-shop. They resisted a Belgian attempt to paper over the cracks with a vague compromise statement and insisted on a show-down on Britain's own forthright resolution.

It came on the Sunday morning. Pierre Commin, acting secretary of the French party, announced "non-participation" and marched his delegation from the conference hall. Apart from Jules Moch, the disarmament expert, the delegation were all Mollet men, and had indeed been in constant touch on the telephone with the Quai d'Orsay during the week-end. To be branded as aggressors along with British Tories by majority world Socialist opinion is a bitter blow for French Socialist prestige. The French party, actually called the *Section Française de l'Internationale Ouvrière*, is far more susceptible to Socialist International decisions and pressures than, say, British Labour would be.

The Copenhagen vote will certainly strengthen the hands of the growing anti-Mollet faction within the party, and may well hasten the fall of the Premier. At the same time, there is some danger that the weakening of Socialist influence may give a new lease of life to the Communists, at a time when the party is cracking over Hungary. Commin publicly accused Gaitskell of using the International as a platform against British Tories, and risking its break-up for domestic political reasons. (In much the same way the Leader of the Opposition has been accused at home of dividing the nation for party motives.) This is a risk that Gaitskell must have foreseen. But the outcome at Copenhagen was never in doubt. Britain was backed by the three Scandinavian countries, West Germany, Austria, Italy, Holland and Canada (in varying degrees of enthusiasm). The compromise move, led by Belgium and supported by exiled Spain (both of which abstained), failed completely. The Israelis and the small Jewish International Labour Bund were placated into abstention by the insertion of a phrase recognising Nasser's provocation. France's isolation was complete.

The Copenhagen meeting was undoubtedly the most tense and critical for the Socialist International since the end of the war. It remains to be seen who will be proved right—the French, who say the International has been brought near breaking-point, or the British, who affirm it will be stronger as a result of having taken a strong line. Only one thing can be said with certainty—Hugh Gaitskell has firmly established his authority in the international, as well as the national, labour movement.

Westminster

Humiliation

Writing before the Middle East debate concludes I will not cling to the coat-tails of events. Instead I record my impressions of the most tragic 45 minutes I have ever spent in the House.

It had been known since the previous Thursday that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd at half past three would announce the British and French governments' decision to withdraw the troops from Suez; but it was not known whether Lloyd had been able to secure conditional covering to make the withdrawal less abject. Nor was it known how the Suez group would react. Labour members sat relaxed on their benches and looked for clues on faces opposite. Captain Waterhouse, leader of the Suez group, fruitily sardonic, stared down his nose and from time to time opened his lips a fraction to slide a remark to his neighbour, Mr. Walter Elliot, leader of the moderates. Mr. Elliot, the deep lines of his face seeming to emphasise his heavy jowl, sat in morose silence, like a St. Bernard dog who has lost his brandy. Just below them was Mr. Julian Amery, sphinx-like, softly saturnine. There was nothing to be gained here, and suddenly we noticed that Mr. Selwyn Lloyd had come ungreeted into his place.

Mr. Lloyd stepped fussily to the Box, blew out his chest and momentarily tilted his beak-like face. One was tempted to offer him crumbs. Almost at once the temptation proved resistible for, instead of making a straightforward statement, to which even the opposition in its initially quizzical mood might have listened with respect, the Foreign Secretary launched himself on a long apologia, whose background irrelevancies provoked points of order and whose brazenness evoked outbursts of derision. Amid chilly Conservative silence he began blandly to justify the government's actions in Suez and to justify them with claims which would have seemed steep if put out by a patent medicine quack or a gold-brick bucket shop. He said that the government's action had alerted the world. This indeed was true, though not in the way he meant it. Then he went on to say that "Russia has suffered a reverse." At that, for a second, there was the silence of incredulity and then a storm of derision. When it subsided, Mr. Padget, hand cupped to ear, was seen to be on his feet. With many apologies and every sign of diffidence, he explained that the noise was preventing him from hearing what the Foreign Secretary was saying. Could we have that last sentence repeated? In the uproar it had almost seemed that the Foreign Secretary had actually said that Russia had suffered a reverse. At that there was a fresh bellow of laughter and when that died, the Foreign Secretary flicked a piece of dust from his sleeve and said: "Russia has suffered a reverse."

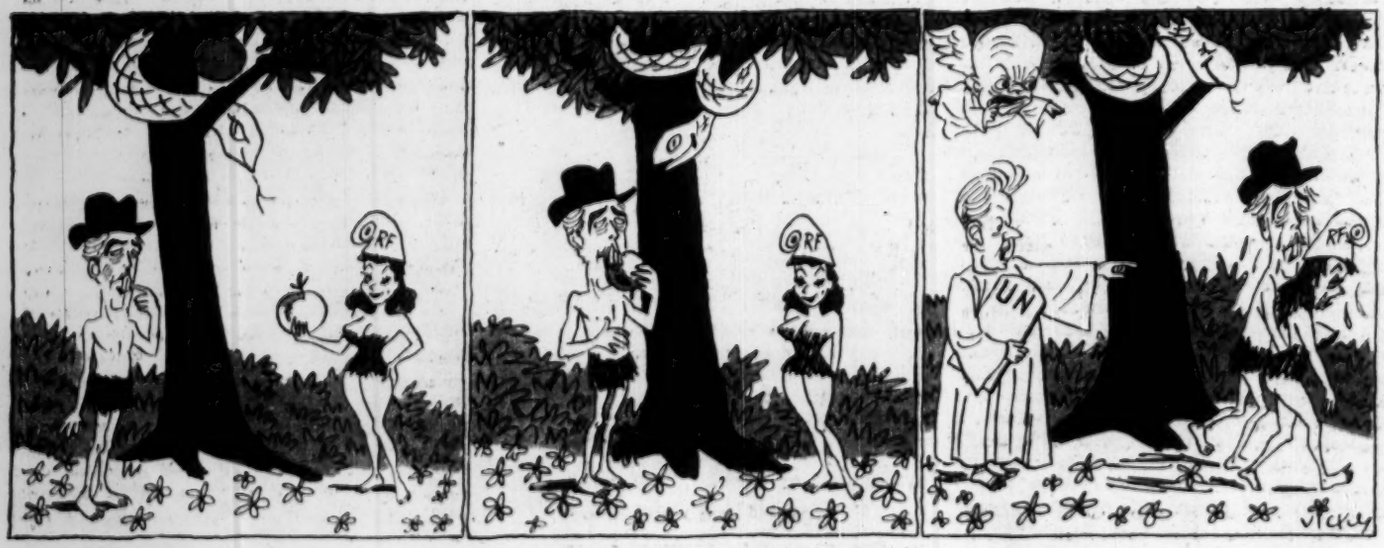
Later on he was to display not only brazenness but unbelievable incompetence. He had claimed that our intervention had secured a cease fire in the Israel-Egypt war but Mr. Noel Baker pointed out that in response to the United Nations, Egypt had agreed to a cease fire on November 2, Israel had agreed to a cease fire on November 3 but that Britain, so far from ceasing to fire, had landed troops on November 5 and had agreed to a cease fire only on the following day. At that Lloyd said that he was hazy about the dates and would have to look them up. Then, when pressed to say what answer the British government had made when Egypt offered to negotiate in Geneva about the future of the Canal, he said he could not remember and would have to look it up. But when he sat down, neither the incompetence nor the bluster could conceal the fact that Britain was clearing out of Egypt unconditionally.

When Mr. Bevan rose, the House stilled. He first flicked a rebuke at Lloyd for padding a statement with matter which more properly should have gone into a speech. Then quietly, and at first without mockery, he stated the opposition's genuine relief and gladness that the troops were to be pulled out. It had been done with great reluctance—(his tone was still quiet but here a tinge of mockery was edging in)—and under great pressure but at last the decision had been taken. A pause. He was glad to hear that the government had abandoned its previous intention of imposing conditions before withdrawal (a glance here, a very casual glance, towards Captain Waterhouse). Then with the secret smile one gives to a friend whose intimate secrets one shares against the world, he told Lloyd that the opposition fully understood why Lloyd was having to sound the bugle of advance to cover his retreat.

After about 15 seconds he was able to continue congratulating the government on its willingness to resume negotiations on the future of the Canal at the point they had reached before bombs fell and people were killed. Then with a wheedling Welshness creeping into his voice, he asked why, if the government knew about Russian intervention in the Middle East, it had not troubled to share its secret with the United States and the Commonwealth, and with a kindly intimation that he did not wish to bully the government in its embarrassments, he sat down. This was the perfect parliamentary cameo and the opposition might have left it at that. Though they did not, interest now switched to the Conservatives. First to Waterhouse who announced that he was suspending judgment but suggested that in so far as the government's policy had failed, it was largely the fault of the opposition. This brought the Conservatives to life—they came to life once more later when they had a chance to show their hatred of Mr. Gaitskell—but it also brought Bevan back to the box. Had the government's policy failed? He had understood from the Foreign Secretary that it had succeeded. The Foreign Secretary replied that it had succeeded. Mr. Julian Amery replied that it had ended in humiliation and the opposition sat back to enjoy the brawl. They were hardly settled into their seats when Sir Ian Horobin had them bolt upright again. He asked: "Can Mr. Lloyd tell me, and he is one of the few people we can believe at the moment...." A gasp stopped him in midsentence. Here was a Conservative telling most of his leaders that they were liars. But more was to come. "Could Mr. Lloyd now tell us," said Sir Ian, "if now the necessary American consent will be forthcoming, in due course, to bringing back our Prime Minister from Jamaica?"

There was, of course, immediate and loud Labour laughter at this. It was renewed when, after Mr. Doughty had dissociated himself from Horobin's question, Paget suggested that it would help the House if those Conservatives who backed Horobin would put up their hands. But in the end it was this question which completely altered the mood of the House, for it epitomised the underlying feeling of almost everyone, a feeling of shame that British Ministers, day after day, should come before the House or before private meetings of their own party and lie, shame that they should glory in their lies, shame that they should be shunned by almost the whole world, including our closest ally, the United States, shame that they should yet have to crawl for aid to the people who shunned them. Labour had begun the day bubbling with party glee. When the exchanges were over and a few specialists began to debate railway finance, all of us, Labour and Tories alike, slunk from the Chamber degraded by the humiliation of our country.

J. P. W. MALLALIEU



A Tangled Web . . .

"A MINISTER cannot tell a single lie," wrote Clemenceau. "He must either tell none at all—or hundreds." The people of Britain are beginning to appreciate the truth of this dismal maxim. As the folly of Anglo-French intervention in Egypt is pitilessly revealed, and as the weeks inexorably add to the magnitude of the disaster which has befallen us, the government's attempts to justify itself become ever more desperate, and its efforts to conceal the facts ever more apparent. The point has now been reached when those who value publication of the truth are becoming seriously concerned.

Consider what has happened in the last month. To justify their act of aggression, ministers have deluged parliament with conflicting excuses and explanation. We intervened "to separate the combatants and to protect shipping" (Sir Anthony), to secure international control of the Canal (Mr. Head), to "put teeth into the U.N." (Sir Anthony again), to uncover a "red plot" (Mr. Thorneycroft). Since then, Mr. Lloyd has contradicted Mr. Thorneycroft (by admitting that the information which Mr. Thorneycroft said our action had "discovered" was known to us before we undertook it), and Mr. Heathcoat Amory has contradicted Sir David Eccles, by disagreeing with him on the "principles" which guided British intervention. He has also contradicted Mr. Head by stating emphatically that Britain did not intervene to secure control of the Canal. Finally, to complicate matters still further, on Wednesday Mr. Lloyd laboured through the whole catalogue.

Naturally, it has proved impossible to sustain this patchwork of lies, half-truths and contradictions in the face of a critical public. And the government's clumsy efforts to create a favourable climate of opinion have met with little success. Immediately after the ultimatum, the government entrusted the task of "co-ordinating government publicity" to Sir Walter Monckton who, since his removal from the Ministry of Defence to make way for the more pliable Mr. Head, had been without any serious employment. But two weeks ago, Sir Walter, an eminent Q.C. and an honest man with a respect for facts, went to Port Said to investigate reports that Egyptian civilian casualties had been underestimated in British military communiqués. He found these allegations to be, in part, justified, and so reported to the Cabinet. Soon afterwards, last Thursday, Downing Street let it be known that Sir Walter's task was now over and that his work would be transferred to Dr. Charles Hill, the Postmaster-General. Sir Walter's report in the House on Wednesday smacked unpleasantly of whitewash. It was absurdly incomplete and Sir Walter did not explain why, if he could not so quickly discover the facts, he did not stay in Port Said until he had carried out his task. The government, we must conclude, is not prepared to tolerate what *The Times*, in another context, called "legal quibbling." Indeed, the resignation of the Prime Minister's personal press officer, Mr. William Clark, is itself *prima facie* evidence of the reprehensible methods which ministers have attempted to employ in their presentation of news. It is surely significant that the government has not felt itself able to make any statement on the reasons for Mr. Clark's resignation, despite the fact that the unofficial explanation, now widely circulated in London, reflects gravely on the integrity of at least one senior minister.

It is, however, one thing to conceal the truth; it is infinitely more serious to attempt to ensure that others conceal it too. Governments which engage in desperate military adventures turn, sooner or later, on the newspapers and journalists whose duty it is to record their failure. For the past year, the French government, enmeshed in its hopeless attempt to subdue Algeria by force, has imposed an ever-tightening censorship on the French press. Issues of *L'Humanité*, *L'Express* and *France-Observateur* have been seized on repeated occasions; 14 journalists have been arrested; and last month there was an attempt—so far unsuccessful—to suppress *Le Monde*. We have not yet reached this stage; but there are disturbing signs that we are moving in a similar direction.

Naturally, since it is among the colonial peoples that our action has been most bitterly resented, the severest measures so far have been taken in British colonies. A very experienced correspondent has reported that the censorship imposed in Cyprus during the hostilities against Egypt was more severe than any he had known, in peace or war, on either side of the Iron Curtain. The government censored all communications leaving the island, including letters, and searched journalists leaving Nicosia to return to London; all notes or documents in their possession which referred, even obliquely, to Anglo-French intervention, were seized and destroyed.

From military censorship the government have advanced a step further, to political censorship. From the start of hostilities, on November 1, the authorities in Singapore, for instance, refused to allow the distribution in the colony of any British newspapers or periodicals which criticised the British action. It is believed that similar orders have been issued in other British colonies. Government denials of such censorship have failed to satisfy Labour members.

In Cyprus itself a further stage has been reached. Immediately after the delivery of the ultimatum on October 30, the military authorities commandeered the independent Cyprus radio station, broadcasting in Arabic, and renamed it the Voice of Britain. Its 68 employees were told to carry on working and were supplied with scripts written by the Anglo-French military command. The superintendent of the station managed to inform its listeners that he and his staff "were obliged under the circumstances existing in Cyprus to remain at work" and were "no longer free agents." During the hostilities against Egypt, the station broadcast British military propaganda to Egypt, the explicit object of which was to incite the Egyptian people to overthrow their government. Correspondents in Cyprus, who attempted to make inquiries about this affair, were threatened with deportation and even imprisonment. In answer to questions in the House the Minister of Defence has explained that the station now uses material supplied partly by the B.B.C. and partly by the Foreign Office. Significantly, the B.B.C. ceased to monitor its Cypriot service on November 13—for reasons that are still obscure. Labour members are pressing for copies of the Foreign Office scripts to be placed in the House of Commons Library.

The violent seizure of Cyprus Radio has now been followed by the promulgation of the most punitive press law ever enacted in a British territory. It adds to the already extensive powers enjoyed by the authorities in Cyprus (under a 1937 press ordinance, revived two years ago) the right not merely to fine and imprison editors who refuse to conform, but to suppress their newspapers and sequester their property. The new regulation forbids virtually any comment on the situation in Cyprus, other than the routine condemnation of terrorism. The editors of the two British-language dailies in Cyprus have publicly protested to the Governor, and one of them, Mr. Charles Foley, is now being prosecuted under the ordinance.

It will, of course, be argued that conditions in Cyprus and Singapore are in no way comparable with those at home; and that the government's assaults on the liberties of the press in the colonies do not foreshadow similar encroachments here. Can we be sure that this is true? In normal times, a Tory government can survive its failures thanks to the vociferous support of the Tory press, the indulgence of such Establishment organs as *The Times*, and the neutrality of the B.B.C. But these are not normal times. The government's only hope of maintaining itself now lies in the extent to which it can conceal the basic facts of the Suez catastrophe. These are, in themselves, so damning that only their effective suppression will suffice. Is not this what the government has been attempting to secure during the past few weeks? Its efforts to prevent Mr. Gaitskell from replying to Sir Anthony Eden's broadcast of November 3 are notorious. Less well known, however, is the fact that the Television Act has been directly contravened, on several occasions during the crisis, by Cabinet pressure on the television companies. Government interference in B.B.C. news presentation has also been constant and violent. Senior B.B.C. officials complain that the Corporation's task of providing objective and factual news bulletins has been made almost impossible during the past month. Any B.B.C. departure, they say, from what might be called the Conservative Central Office "line," has been immediately followed by abusive telephone calls from senior ministers. The fact that the Corporation has resisted such pressures is greatly to its credit; and it also explains why, when Tory back-benchers delivered hysterical attacks on the B.B.C. during the adjournment debate of November 14, the government made no attempt to rise to its defence. The independent television companies, however, which are more directly dependent on government goodwill, have been noticeably more responsive to pressure from Downing Street—a development foreseen by many of the Television Act's critics during its passage through parliament.

Whatever the future intentions of the government—and, as we have learnt from bitter experience, the intentions of this government must be subjected to unremitting scrutiny—it is already clear that a serious and sustained attempt is being made to use the mass-communications media of this country as vehicles for government propaganda of the crudest sort. Whether the government will go further remains to be seen. But there is no doubt that, in the months to come, as the physical consequences of its Suez adventure become more apparent, and as the political temperature rises, the government will be tempted to pursue even more desperate paths to preserve itself. All the more reason, then, to utter a note of warning now.

NEXT WEEK

Profile of Duncan Sandys

with caricature by VICKY

C. H. ROLPH writes on

Private Members' Bills

Teachers' Dole

"Facts alone are wanted in life," and Mr. D. M'Checcleschild has been able to pour out into the little pitchers of the press such soothing facts about the recruitment of teachers that, in spite of the bulge, the times seem educationally far less hard than might have been feared. For some years the numbers of teachers have increased by about five to seven thousand every year, and it is these gratifying national statistics that have prompted the renewed talk about introducing the three-year training course for teachers in 1959 or 1960, which is when the main bulge will be passing out of the schools. Indeed, Dr. Alexander has recently spoken of an excess of teachers after 1960 and a danger of unemployment, at least if the present statutory ratios of staff to pupils are retained.

However, the press, the public, and now the ministry have at last got round to mastering one or two further facts, notably that these droves of teachers do not teach quite the right subjects and, moreover, they do not teach them in quite the right places. Thus the present national average in secondary schools is 21.4 pupils per teacher, but ten per cent. of secondary pupils in Essex and nearly 50 per cent. in Birmingham are in classes of 41 to 50. The national average for primary schools is 31 children per teacher, yet three-quarters of the primary children in Walsall, well over half the primary children in Birmingham and Hull, and well over a third of them in Essex and Portsmouth are in classes of 41 to 50; and in Hull some three and a half per cent. are in classes of over 50. In order to secure uniform staffing ratios throughout the country by next year, there would need to be a general post of about 6,700 teachers (or 2.6 per cent. of the total force), moving the "surplus" from the "excess" to the "deficiency" areas.

After a brisk round of discussions, the Minister of Education has now devised a temporary rationing scheme which is wisely got up to look like a system of voluntary self-restraint. In order to help their poorer neighbours, 52 authorities are being asked to accept a somewhat worsened ratio of staffing and another 40 to improve their ratios rather less than they had planned. Thus, to take extreme instances, the ratio in Bristol will worsen by about half a child per teacher, whereas the hope is that it will improve in Birmingham by three and a half children per teacher.

But the obvious snag to rationing is that though it is simple enough to stop a given number of teachers signing on in Herefordshire or Bournemouth, there is no reason to suppose that they will promptly take the first trains to Staffordshire or Hull, especially if they happen to be part-time and married teachers. Moreover, in a number of authorities, the difficulty is not finding new teachers but keeping old ones. Thus one teacher in every six who signs on in Smethwick, for instance, signs off before long and goes elsewhere. Yet Birmingham and Hull only lose about one in 15 in this way, and it is hard to find any sound generalisations to explain why some authorities are more hard-hit than others.

It is striking that there are many authorities in areas where a heritage of depression and a lack of amenities might well result in poor recruiting figures, which yet have comparatively good staffing ratios; just as it is also striking that some of the hardest-hit areas have in the past pursued deplorable methods of recruiting and accommodating teachers, and some of them have made little serious effort to recruit married women and part-time teachers. The Minister's circular rightly lays its first emphasis upon offering positive inducements to teachers, and it is also sensible only to attempt to redistribute half the "excess" teachers in 1957. For even if it were so inclined, Birmingham cannot rebuild itself into a Coventry in a day.

As for tomorrow, of course, the problem will solve itself, because—so the argument runs—in 1960 or so it will be possible for the first time to pretend that there is a glut of teachers and to use the fear of unemployment as a means of enforcing greater mobility. It is this possibility that makes it essential to insist now on the need to revise the present statutory staffing ratios, above all the ratio of 40 for primary schools; and also to insist on the importance of introducing as soon as possible some form of continued education up to 18, which alone would call for over 20,000 additional teachers. And these measures have to be added, in some as yet undecided order of priorities, to the introduction of the third year of teacher-training. Between them, at any rate, they make effective nonsense of any policies of unemployment.

London Diary

Are we any nearer to a solution of the shocking situation in Cyprus? Last week was the first anniversary of the "emergency." The government had been studying Lord Radcliffe's report for nearly a month. Field Marshal Harding and the British Ambassadors to Greece and Turkey are now here to discuss it with Lennox Boyd and Lord Radcliffe himself. Two months ago Mr. Averoff, the Greek Foreign Minister, said that Athens would agree to Cyprus becoming a self-governing member of the Commonwealth and would leave the question of Enosis temporarily in abeyance. Whether Mr. Menderes, who has just returned to Turkey, could promise to modify the attitude of Istanbul is doubtful; in any case, more pressure will be needed before Turkey agrees to a Greek-Cypriot majority on the proposed Legislative Council. How much ground is there for current optimism? The main obstacles remain. No one seems to believe that a new constitution will be accepted in Cyprus unless Makarios is a party to the agreement, and Sir John Harding, it is said, would resign if Makarios is brought back from the Seychelles. We are still being told the stale old story about "shaking hands with murder" and that no new constitution can be offered until "law and order" has been restored.

* * *

What of law and order? The anti-terrorist campaign has progressively failed in the past two or three months as the new and really brutal Public Safety and Order Regulations, issued on November 22, testify. The actual situation has been made clear to me by a detailed account of recent instructions to troops billeted in one of the largest Cypriot towns. They make an odd commentary on Harding's assurances that the emergency would be over in a few months, that the mass of the population approved of British rule and that E.O.K.A. consisted of only a few hundred terrorists. (Will Brass Hats never learn, nor ever admit, that during a colonial "pacification," terrorists become patriots and heroes and that as fast as you kill them, other young men step forward to kill and die in their place?) The instructions given for soldiers in this case are based on the fact that there cannot possibly be enough troops to protect everyone. The terrorists shoot in the back or lay mines for any soldiers who stray out of bounds or are without their weapons, or fail to be on the alert, or do the same thing at the same place and same time of a day or week. No British soldier may shop with his wife since that puts her in danger as well as himself (E.O.K.A. has not so far stooped to shooting women and children). Soldiers are instructed not to meet other soldiers in the same house twice and not to sit about in cafés. They are to be suspicious of everyone they don't know. They should never loiter with their back to the main road and should always carry their weapons as if they meant to use them. It does not sound as if pacification were just round the corner. Indeed, from the end of August to November 17, terrorist murders totalled 70 (of whom 31 were British servicemen and police)—more than in the whole of the previous eight-month period.

* * *

What is "treason" in South Africa? The arrest of 140 whites, coloured, Africans and Indians on charges of treason, sedition and violations of the Suppression of Communism Act suggests Mr. Strydom intends to stop at nothing. The next stage of totalitarianism seems to have been reached. Many of those arrested are highly respected persons including an M.P., a Methodist minister and others whose crime is, presumably, to have opposed the government. Such excesses become possible, I suppose, as they did in Hitler's Germany, when a minority has unfettered power and has indoctrinated its supporters with a fanatical hatred.

How far this fanaticism has gone is illustrated by a report, given without comment, in the South African newspaper *Imro Zabantsundu*. The stark facts are that Victor Mkize, the star African comedian, was badly injured in a car smash. The Europeans in the other car were taken to hospital in an ambulance. The injured Africans were left by the roadside from 11 in the morning until late in the afternoon. One European even threatened to shoot them. When they were eventually taken to the local hospital they were kept waiting for attention, and then received only limited treatment. Finally, they were transferred to Baragwanath Hospital, near Johannesburg, where Mr. Mkize underwent two operations. I hear that he died after the second. The appalling thing about both these incidents is that they were committed not by professional Negrophobes, but by apparently ordinary white people. The Europeans who passed by, the matrons and doctors who refused admittance, cannot all be doctrinaire racialists. Yet the values of their communities possess them so completely that black people no longer appear to them as human beings. And the South Africans indignantly protest that they are defending "Christian civilisation"—they even prohibit games on Sunday.

* * *

Was Molotov's appointment as Minister of State Control a Stalinist comeback or was it another example of the old technique of kicking a revered but troublesome figure upstairs? Both theories were canvassed. My information, based on inquiries from people whose job it is to follow Russian affairs, does not quite fit either of these explanations. It seems probable that there is a sharp division in the Praesidium of the Central Committee and that at its last meeting Molotov attacked Krushchev's handling of foreign and home policy. It was decided that, as the man with most administrative authority and experience, Molotov should clear up the administration. In the satellites the inefficiency of the bureaucracy

was driving people mad. Molotov, old Stalinist though he is, has now to make radical changes in the administration. This doesn't mean that all the restrictions of Stalinism will be killed. There is an increase in the freedom to criticise, but "the new freedoms" will not be allowed to "go too far." The theory is that the administrative methods are to be less heavy-handed, and there are already some new appointments made near the front line such as the appointment of a new editor of the paper *Soviet Culture*. De-Stalinisation, in short, is to be pushed at a greater speed, but within safe limits. Relations with the People's Democracies are to be strictly in accord with the October 30 declaration. Rumania and Czechoslovakia are to be built up as "shop fronts" of the new policy. Great efforts will be made to hide differences of opinion. Tito's speech is reported in Moscow to have annoyed Soviet leaders mainly because it referred to disunity. Unity is the watchword now. But oddly enough the Soviet press has said nothing about "collective leadership" in the press for months.

* * *

At the time of the "houseboat twins" murder trial, I thought a good many people were uneasily surprised when the Crown refused to accept the magistrates' decision that there was no case against Mrs. Richardson. This archaic "bill of indictment" procedure seems bad enough when the case has never been before magistrates at all; it is worse when the magistrates have actually dismissed it as worthless. But what on earth has one to say when the Director of Public Prosecutions, having used this gambit to get the case before a jury (which meant several more weeks in prison for Mrs. Richardson), then himself declares that there is no case against her after all? I was glad Mr. Paget and Mr. Royle (who is Deputy Chairman of the Magistrates' Association) pressed their inquiries about it in the Commons last Tuesday. The Solicitor-General's reply will not dispose of the suspicion that the true reason for this cat-and-mouse procedure was to make available as evidence a statement by Mrs. Richardson that incriminated her co-defendant Mrs. Clarke. Nor will it allay a growing distaste for this illogical survival from the days of the grand jury. Parliament listened too respectfully to the backwoods lawyers in 1933, when it agreed to keep it alive as the price for getting rid of grand juries, which had become a pompous nuisance. But surely this case shows that the time has come to end it? If the Crown thinks it has fresh evidence in a murder case that the magistrates have thrown out, it can begin again in the Magistrates' Court.

* * *

In the *Sunday Times* of December 2, Cyril Connolly, reviewing Tom Driberg's *Guy Burgess*, referred to his own pamphlet *The Missing Diplomats* published in 1953. He said that "In a careful analysis the NEW STATESMAN pointed out that Maclean and Burgess had gone to Brest and been killed in a sailors' brawl." This is fiction. The "careful analysis" of Mr. Connolly's pamphlet (which Mr. Ralph Partridge contributed) did not even contain a reference to the theory mentioned by Mr. Connolly.

* * *

David Low is certainly one of the two or three most brilliant draughtsmen who have ever devoted themselves to politics. He has always taken his art immensely seriously, and the best passages in his autobiography (Michael Joseph 30s.) deal with the problems of cartoon and caricature. Here he speaks as a master who has dug deep into the history of his art and thought out its philosophy. Critics who thought him too vulgar or irreverent

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got the examples of Gillray and Rowlandson thrown back at them. Once—it seems to be only once—he did a nice cartoon of the Royal Family. A frightened editor sent it to Buckingham Palace from which he received a flattered and flattering appreciation of his drawing with a rider to the effect that in England it is not done to caricature the Royal Family. I naturally read his reminiscences with peculiar interest because it was through this journal that Low came to this country. In his column Arnold Bennett praised this young New Zealand cartoonist who was then making wonderful fun of Billy Hughes, the Australian prime minister. The *Star* took the hint and invited him over. We also published both his famous series of caricatures of great contemporaries. Here his model was Daumier. There was, he said, to be "No time limit. Deep observation. Minute perception. Analysis and synthesis of character." When he caricatured Rothermere, he was told that in Fleet Street dog doesn't eat dog, to which he replied that he was "not a dog but a moa" (a moa, I see from the dictionary, is "a recently extinct dinornithoid, bird of New Zealand"). I also relished his accounts of our joint travels in Russia and our joint appearance at a famous mock trial designed to further the campaign against the Incitement to Disaffection Bill. (Low has here confused two trials. This one was held not at the London School of Economics but at Friends House. Miles Malleson was a comic policeman and Low was convicted of seducing me from my allegiance.) As in all good autobiographies, Low reveals much of himself, rather more perhaps than he intends. The conversations he records with the great men he drew almost always show him full of good humour but always on the look out lest by agreeing too easily, anyone should take him for a sucker. The reaction, I think, of the talented man from the antipodes confronted with the supercilious British upper class. The thing that makes Low tick has always been hatred of oppression. This for many years led him to a tolerant and open-minded attitude toward Russia as long as there was a hope that the under-dog would benefit—but, like the rest of us, he has had to admit that totalitarianism in Moscow has turned out as bad as anywhere else.

CRITIC

Comfort for the Cabinet

Say not the struggle naught availed you—
From the absurd to the sublime
You rise, for all the world has hailed you
The greatest [**censored**] of our time.

Your hopes were dupes, your fears were phoney—
The bolder now must be your lies;
Who knows but that your comrade, Tony,
Is thinking up some fresh surprise?

Then do not feel you are a failure
Because the nations storm and curse:
Backed by the French and half Australia,
Your isolation could be worse.

And, while the waves are slowly curing
The paranoia of your pal,
A grateful country, long enduring,
Forgives him for a blocked canal.

A party reared on hanky-panky
Can soon digest its words and crawl
To beg some petrol from the Yankee
Who smothered your heroic brawl.

For not from Middle Eastern sources,
Where even blood is on the boil,
Comes in the gas; your hope, of course, is
That westward (look!) there's still some oil.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

If the government were to introduce flogging as a punishment for any petrol offences during the rationing era, perhaps some people would consider their country more than themselves.—Letter in *Northern Despatch*. (R. C. Beever.)

It almost passes belief that the authorities of the Tate Gallery should have the impudence to ask the taxpayers for additional money with which to buy more of their disgusting modern pictures.

Surely they must realise the public almost unanimously loathe and detest their activities and that they have done the country enormous harm by sponsoring this rampant charlatanry and lunacy.

Incidentally, Conservative Chancellors of the Exchequer who encourage this sort of thing will soon begin to lose votes. Let us leave Labour to wallow in this kind of ignorant buffoonery.—Letter in *Daily Telegraph*. (Jeremy Swann.)

On principle, and as a protest at the way the Americans are stabbing us in the back in the Middle East, I shall cease smoking any tobacco of American origin. If I cannot get an Empire tobacco I shall give it up.—Letter in *Evening Standard*. (Michael C. Duke.)

Jealousy led a 42-year-old Italian to bite his wife's nose so hard that the wound needed 15 stitches.

"Latins react differently from the British to domestic troubles," said Mr. W. A. Ellis, at Prestatyn, Flintshire.—*News of the World*. (Muriel (Heson.)

A self-service store in Richmond, Surrey, which suffers continually from shoplifters held a staff dance on Tuesday. Three of the spot prizes were stolen. —*News Chronicle*. (H. Murray.)

Eden Agonistes

THE historical significance of contemporary events is difficult, if not impossible, to determine. We like to think that we are participating in momentous and unforgettable happenings when it is quite likely that posterity, if it cares to be reminded of them at all, will be content to have them dismissed in a single sentence. Take, for instance, the last three weeks during which parliament, press and radio have kept everyone on the boil. What has it all amounted to? Seen against the background of the revolt in Hungary, and all it signifies, very little. In the twilight of expiring imperial systems deluded figures like Sir Anthony Eden are liable to rush frenziedly into the centre of the stage and begin declaiming lines belonging to a play on which the curtain has already fallen. They may be sure of the wild applause of those who share their illusions, but the outcome of their efforts cannot but be a total fiasco. Whatever may or may not be expected of us here on earth, we are under the inescapable necessity of taking our allotted parts in the drama of our own times. We may dream, but we cannot live, in the past or in the future.

Historians, then, may be expected to pay no more than scant regard to this sorry and costly attempt to revive a power technique, in any case obsolete, which we possess neither the means nor the will to apply. On the other hand, the episode's social implications may appear in retrospect more deserving of attention, especially if, as I suspect to be the case, it proves to have shaken and deranged the whole class system in this country as nothing else has in recent years.

Political parties, as has often been demonstrated, can live down the most appalling errors of judgment when they are in office and the most appalling national disasters which result therefrom. The prestige of a class, however, and of the leadership derived from it, is more difficult to sustain. Surely the spectacle of a Prime Minister departing to sit in the Jamaican sun at the very moment when, in consequence of a policy for which he is personally responsible, the oil that was to have been safeguarded is lost, the Canal that was to have been kept open is closed, the British nationals in Egypt who were to have been protected are being cruelly harried, the going it alone which was to have provided another finest hour is just about to require an unqualified act of subservience in Washington, and the crack-up in the Middle East which was to have been prevented is more imminent than ever—surely such a spectacle must ultimately damage, if it does not totally destroy, both his own reputation and that of the class system he symbolises. The Battle of Waterloo may have been won on the playing fields of Eton, but Eton itself looks like being lost on the beach at Goldeneye.

The survival of the English upper classes when their like elsewhere have all gone down, represents a remarkable achievement. They have been adroit, tenacious and flexible. Above all, they have managed to keep their allure. Even their enemies have wanted to be like them. Expensive public schools are full of the children of ardent Labour voters. The aspirations of strangers from far off Baghdad or Odessa have soon turned, when they have come to these shores, to fox-hunting or All Souls. New nobility has fortified, enriched and enlivened the old. In Golders Green and other suburbs the Great Houses have retained their glamour—Brideshead always revisited, if only on the National Trust. Through two world wars and four Labour governments; despite death duties, high taxation, Lord Beaverbrook and the Welfare State, the urge to climb the social ladder has persisted. Penurious households have denied themselves all but the barest necessities of life to pay the exorbitant fees of schools which turn out an authentic upper class product. Why, even in Moscow, to Mr. Driberg's satisfaction, Burgess has continued to sport his Old Etonian tie. Mr. Dornford Yates, Mr. Evelyn Waugh, Miss Mitford and a host of lesser practitioners, including gossip-writers who thrive by assuming that their readers shoot grouse, drink claret and know the Duchess of Windsor, have formulated the mystique; the stage, in the skilled hands of dramatists like Mr. Noel Coward and Mr. Douglas Home, has presented the form, while the B.B.C. has provided the accent. Thanks to their combined efforts, toast-masters still can roar at considerable length, and Messrs. Moss Brothers continue to do an extensive trade in hiring out all varieties of social impedimenta.

Beneath this piously and ardently preserved mythology of the class system has lain the reality of power. The myth has been an instrument, supple and effective, for impeding the process (so much more succinctly and vividly adumbrated in the Magnificat than in any of the more recent literature of revolution) of putting down the mighty from their seats and exalting the humble and meek, of filling the hungry with good things and sending the rich empty away. Through its operation the only political party in the world which dares openly to call itself Conservative has been kept alive and relatively thriving. Whereas Austrian and German nobility sit forlornly in their castles, knowing only brief moments of glory when some shadowy archduke espouses some equally shadowy princess; whereas the French and Italian aristocracy content themselves with social occasions, sometimes disreputable enough to rate a feature in the *Sunday Pictorial*, a Lord Salisbury

remains one of the dominating figures in a government elected to power on a basis of universal suffrage.

Because the English class system has been thus directly related to political power, and not only to money or notional titles or nostalgic preoccupations with ancestry and past glories, it has required a code of behaviour on the part of its protagonists. The political leadership it has provided, however incompetent and short-sighted in practice, has needed to be "sound," of good repute —as had also, incidentally, the symbolic leadership, the monarchy, which is why so grave a view was taken of the Edward VIII-Mrs. Simpson and the Princess Margaret-Townsend affairs. Taking the Conservative leaders of our time, Baldwin was cast as a plain, fair-minded man; Chamberlain as a good man with a simple-hearted, if misguided, passion for appeasement; Sir Winston Churchill as heroic in war and venerable in peace. These images could be plausibly identified with the actual men even though they all three made grievous errors and, in that they have been set in authority over us for the greater part of the last three decades, must be held largely responsible for our present hapless plight. The imagery was valid, and therefore the class system to which it was related was valid, too.

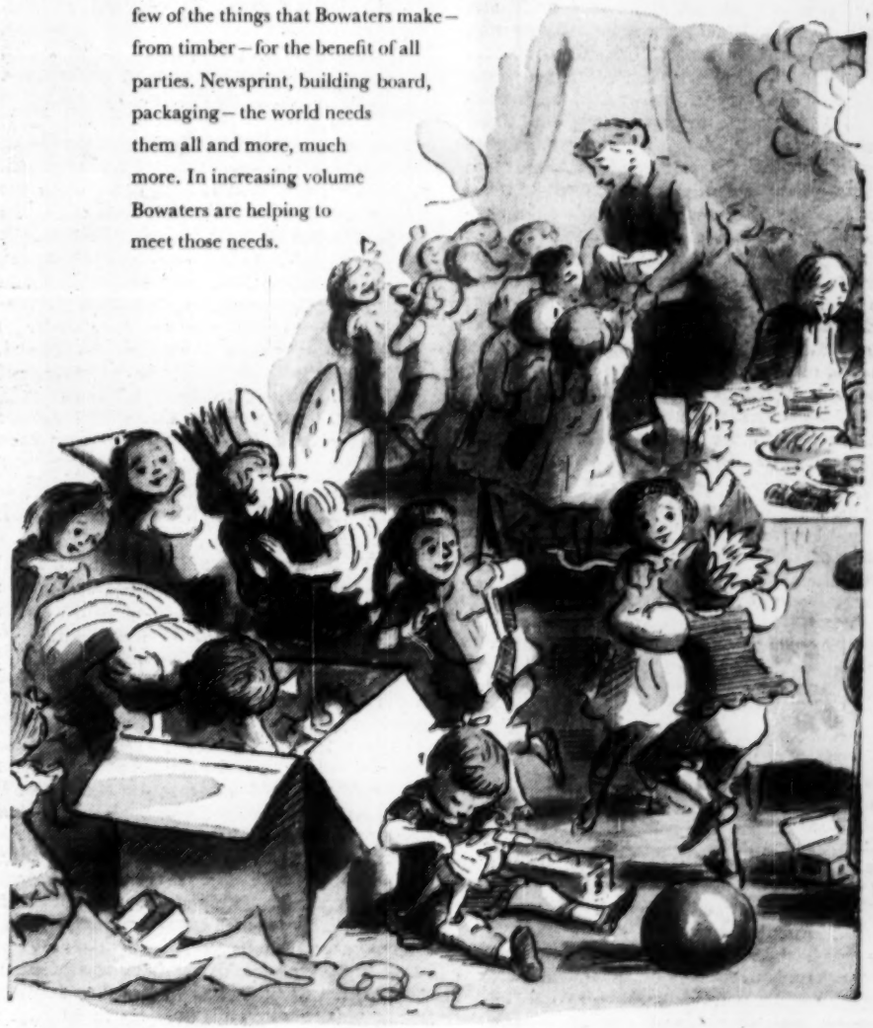
The case of Sir Anthony Eden has turned out quite differently. As an image he seemed perfect. His appearance, his manner, his record, all gave an impression of exactly fitting contemporary requirements. He was gentlemanly, reassuring, ingratiating—any selection board's dream come true. He slid into power with a comfortable majority as effortlessly as into one of his own elegant suits. Who more suitable than a common Etonian to preside over the English variant of the century of the common man?

And yet it has all gone awry. The image and the man have dramatically diverged to the point that they can never again be identified, thereby creating a condition of social schizophrenia. Why? Was there, beneath the exterior of a B.B.C. announcer, some strange inward instability, turbulance, which manifested itself outwardly when at last he found himself the head of a government? Did the long years of waiting accumulate a frenzy of resentment in him which has only now found expression? Was it, perhaps, a consciousness of the prevailing assumption that he was nice and ordinary and tedious which generated a mania to demonstrate the opposite, as well as the feverish strength to carry his more prudent colleagues with him? Has he been trying to show us that, despite all appearances to the contrary, he, too, can be a Churchill?

Whatever the explanation may be, the fact is that he has succeeded in demolishing all the assumptions on which his own, his party's and his class's fortunes have hitherto rested. No more unlikely Samson to pull down the pillars of a social edifice could possibly be imagined. But pull them down he has. The only difference is that, whereas the original Samson remained in the resultant ruins, this one has decamped to Jamaica, leaving salvage operations to Messrs. Butler, Macmillan and Selwyn Lloyd. It has been an astonishing performance whose full consequences will only slowly become apparent. These, as I have suggested, are likely to prove more significant in their social than in their political or international implications. It was not only Napoleon who never recovered from abandoning his army on the retreat from Moscow. His empire, his marshals, the whole show was doomed thereby. Perhaps it will be said hereafter, in recording the death of a class, that it "met its Goldeneye."

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

PARTY POLITICS dictate that every fancy dress must win a prize. Everyone, from the Sugar Plum Fairy to Davy Crockett, must have something to unwrap. Children owe much to the skill of the paper maker: corrugated cases (for presents of too obvious shape), intriguing boxes and, of course, the smooth brown paper, the maker of heavenly parcels. These are only a few of the things that Bowaters make— from timber—for the benefit of all parties. Newsprint, building board, packaging—the world needs them all and more, much more. In increasing volume Bowaters are helping to meet those needs.



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Questions About Hungary

[Among those who have escaped from Hungary in the last week is Paul Ignotus, a Hungarian writer who made many friends in Britain during a wartime exile. A life-long Socialist, he was arrested in 1949 and remained in prison until his release earlier this year. During the Hungarian revolution, he was a member of the executive of the Hungarian Writers' Union and he broadcast a moving speech from Budapest radio. We are glad to welcome his safe arrival in this country and to publish his answers to our questions.]

Was the Hungarian revolution supported by the whole population?

The rising was started, as far as I could see, by two centres of intellectuals: (1) the Hungarian Writers' Association, in which Communist authors such as the novelist Dery had for a long time fought Stalinism very bravely, and (2) the association of Communist undergraduates, the Petofi Club. It was they who, inspired by the Polish example, went into the streets and proclaimed that the Hungarian people must act decisively to bring about Socialist democracy and liquidate the remnants of the Rakosi dictatorship. These were joined by people of all sorts and especially the industrial workers. The latter were in fact most intransigent in their fight against Muscovite rulers, and since then they have continued to fight, either with arms or with strikes and sabotage, although other sections of the population seemed ready to accept a *fait accompli*. In the democratic national revolution which started with the rising the whole population took part.

Do you consider that the Hungarian population was not only anti-Russian but also against Communism?

The 12 years elapsed since the first Russian occupation, and especially the years of unbridled terrorism and personal revenge from 1949 to 1953, imbued the whole country with nausea towards everything Russian. Since Russian became a compulsory second language in schools the very sound of a Russian word was enough to drive people into a frenzy. There was a similar reaction to everything which seemed like a slogan, and to the compulsory seminaries which had been designed to indoctrinate the people. For this reason, the writers and young intellectuals, who had fought Stalin's dictatorship in the name of "pure" Marxist-Leninist doctrines, were compelled in these circumstances to refer to their own principles in an apologetic way because they felt remorse at the way in which these principles had been distorted and perverted. All the same, every responsible person or group who played any part in the rising agreed that the Communist Party should not only be tolerated but encouraged in the new democracy, and that once Hungary was freed from satellite status the country should maintain the most friendly links possible with the Soviet Union. Even Cardinal Mindszenty, who cannot be accused of too much sympathy towards anything that smells Marxist, emphasised that Hungary must live in peace "with the powerful Russian empire as well as with the great United States of America."

Do you then completely discount the stories of a "counter-revolution"?

I must make clear what I mean by "counter-revolution." If one means by it that the people wanted to set up a parliamentary democracy such as exists in Finland, with which the Soviet Union seems to maintain very friendly relations, then it is no secret that this is what the Hungarians wanted. If one means a restoration of landed property and a return of huge industrial concerns to private owners, then the fear was less because, although there might have been persons hoping for it, I am sure that the great majority of the Hungarian people would have rejected such an attempt. If one means an attempt by some former military officers and other embittered and dispossessed elements to indulge in white terrorist acts and eventually to establish their own dictatorship, then again they would have met the resistance of the overwhelming majority of all classes. It is true that sporadically there were such excesses. One of the most grotesque of them was characteristic, perhaps, of a country in which the national rising was started by poets and novelists. An ultra-nationalist poet of the Horthy regime, Gyula Somogyvary, in the city of Győr, took a detachment of soldiers armed with tommy-guns to the radio station in an attempt to compel it to broadcast his poetry. But this, as well as other similar attempts, was foiled by the supporters of Imre Nagy and the coalition government, which was on the way to establishing order when the Russians marched into Budapest once again. As for the Russian fear of Hungary becoming a jumping-off ground for anti-Soviet military action, this would certainly have been prevented by an understanding (a) with the Hungarian government, which wanted to avoid war at all costs, (b) with the governments of Yugoslavia and Poland, which were keen to avoid both the restoration of Stalinism and the establishment of "white" rule, and (c) with the big powers which dominate the U.N., for these, I think would also have been satisfied with a really neutralised Hungary.

Was the reaction of the West to the events in Hungary well considered? Were the radio appeals ill-advised?

The Hungarians are, and have to be, grateful to the West for the expressions of sympathy and appreciation which they have received. But there are two things which they have missed. (1) A statement on behalf of the leading western powers to the effect that they would consider any attack on the independence of Hungary as an act of aggression, and that they would help Hungary by all means in their power if such aggression occurred. (2) It should have been made clearer that the West would condemn the restoration of former fascist or semi-fascist methods no less than a restoration of Stalinism, and that Hungary was by no means expected to sacrifice the very existence of her people for the sake of an anti-Bolshevik crusade. Many of the radio appeals to Hungary were equivocal, even demagogic. It was certainly a grave irresponsibility on their part to attack Imre Nagy for his Communist convictions at a moment when he had to face the enormous task of uniting all classes in order to establish a democratic rule without provoking Russia.

What policy do you now recommend for the West to help Hungary?

Apart from relief, in which tremendous generosity has already been shown, I think that a policy is needed that will be firmer and more conciliatory at the same time. I think the admission of U.N. observers into Hungary should be insisted on, and it should be explained to the Russians that this would serve not only as a check on what they themselves or the Kadar government have done in the nature of deportations and reprisals, but also as a precaution against renewal of white terrorist activities and nationalist incitement. War, of course, I think every sensible person wants to avoid, but too much emphasis on the will to avoid war precipitates war rather than prevents it. Promising help "with everything short of war" strikes many people as promising no help at all except friendly messages, or at best food and medicine. On the other hand, I think the West should make a far-reaching offer to the Soviet Union if it will agree to honour the will of the Hungarian people. I have no doubt that in the Soviet Union there are persons in high posts who would really like to establish peaceful relations with the West and also to liberalise their own country. They fear, however, that once they loosen their hold on countries outside their frontiers the whole of the anti-Communist world will think the hour has struck to tear the Soviet Union to pieces. They want guarantees against that. I also think that there should be an offer to neutralise Germany. The Russians should be made to feel that it pays to be human and generous; that it does not pay to be brutal.

PAUL IGNOTUS

Fleet Street Notebook

"ARE we downhearted? No." Thus the *Daily Sketch*—self-elected cheer leader of the Conservative rank-and-file—in large type hoisted on the morning after Selwyn Lloyd. Few answering roars came from the rest of Fleet Street. "Out of Suez but the gains are big," screamed the *Sketch*, including among these gains the fact that Nasser planned "to bring Britain to her knees" and "that he cannot do now" because "Now It's Ike's Job" to tell him he can't. This must, one imagines, have made some of the *Sketch* readers ponder a bit. But if nothing can shake the *Sketch*, it soon became clear that although the *Telegraph*, the *Mail* and the *Express* can stand up to a deal of punishment there is a limit. The *Telegraph* had clearly decided that the time for hiding wounds was over.

"Capitulation—And After," it headed its leader and opened bitterly: "No good purpose can be served by pretending that the decision to withdraw from Port Said is not humiliating." It continued sombrely, "We are abandoning every purpose and every duty even down, it appears, to the protection of our own nationals in Egypt" and asked gloomily "Can anything be saved from the wreck?" The *Mail*, for its part, did its best to keep a stiff upper lip, but not without a telltale quiver or two. It argued that, although "our forces are militarily in an untenable position while our own country is economically in a worse one," at least it perhaps might be said that for Selwyn Lloyd to make his statement showed "as much courage as did the decision to intervene in Egypt." A perceptive woman reader of the *Daily Express* remarked to me that she thought that almost for the first time it showed signs of the absence of Arthur Christianson, its editor, who during the whole of this period (to the regret of all Fleet Street) has been in hospital. I saw what she meant. Christianson has a superb capacity—worth hundreds of thousands of readers to the *Express*—for forgetting each day what his paper has said the day before. There were signs this week that those in charge in his absence were conscious of a file copy breathing down their necks. It looks too as if the rum honeymoon between Lord Beaverbrook and Eden is now nearly over—perhaps Sir Anthony should have gone to the Bahamas, as first reported, instead of accepting an invitation to become Noel Coward's neighbour in Jamaica. In a grim week let me pause momentarily to congratulate the *Mirror* on one of the wittiest strokes in popular journalism for quite a

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time. It announced on Saturday a new competition. The prize? A holiday for two in Jamaica.)

Heading its leader "The Retreat From Suez," the *Express* gave more space than any other newspaper to Tory criticism of Eden. "Despite the obvious need for the Prime Minister to take a rest," announced a large box on its front page, "it cannot be concealed that there is massive criticism of him in the Tory Party. The feeling in Westminster is that he will return as Prime Minister but resign almost at once." "We're Out —Right Out," said the banner headline across eight columns. By Tuesday afternoon Mr. Randolph Churchill, who may perhaps be described as Lord Beaverbrook's not-so-secret weapon in this matter, was busily reporting to *Evening Standard* readers that after a journey into the Stygian blackness of Conservative politics he had brought back a well authenticated plan for "a phased withdrawal" from Downing Street by the Prime Minister. Indeed, the only slightly cheerful reading available to Conservatives—apart of course from the fizzy lemonade drinkers of the *Sketch*—was to be found in the *Mirror* which boomed, rather handsomely but possibly prematurely in the circumstances, "Don't just call it a Tory mess. We're all in it. Now Let Us Close The Ranks."

What Mr. Selwyn Lloyd began, Mr. Macmillan completed. By Wednesday morning there was scarcely a Conservative newspaper to be found that was not biting hard on the bullet, although the *Sketch*—which has now established a "*Daily Sketch* Crisis Bureau" to grapple with the march of events—did what it could for the side by headlining the big news "The Price of Nasser." The most unpopular feature of Mr. Macmillan's plan, as was to be expected, was the request to America to waive the interest on the American loan: hard going indeed for those newspapers which had been campaigning for most of the previous week against the wicked Americans who let everybody down. "What a sad business it is when a great trading nation like Britain is driven to seek an escape from its financial obligations," said the *Express*. "A sad day," echoed the *Mail*, while the *Telegraph*—finding in this Macmillan's "one mistake"—urged that at least we should try to look solvent and "reluctant to ask favours." Even *The Times* whose "phased" progress through this crisis provides fascinating material for a piece of research into "Establishment journalism" which I hope to get around to soon, found it "debatable." From the City came the *Financial Times* with the grim comment that in the "most serious economic crisis Britain has had to face for years" the Chancellor was in danger of "tinkering like an unskilled mechanic on an engine that is rusting through." Perhaps Mr. Macmillan should go in for that *Daily Mirror* competition. No doubt Sir Anthony would be pleased to see him. And as the *Mirror* is generously making it a trip for two he could invite Mr. Butler as well.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

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Bridewell Revisited

OUR Matron told us to get down to the library and she would pick her cast for the nativity play.

A bloke from Saint Andrew's was picked for Saint Joseph. He was doing His Majesty's Pleasure for driving a motor car into his father; and, though he was very good looking and well spoken in the English way, most of the blokes thought he was a bit balmy.

For the matter of that they thought most of the H.M.P. blokes were balmy; in different ways.

Clarke croaked a soldier that he caught with his mum; and he was balmy, too, and went round the place on his own when he wasn't up on the heath minding his sheep, and ran out in the middle of the blitz one night, and they thought he'd scarpered. But he was found in the morning with his sheep round him, where he'd been minding them from the air-raid.

But though he liked sheep, you couldn't have had him for Saint Joseph. He was bandy as a barrel. You'd have thought he spent his time riding pigs to hounds instead of chivvying soldiers, and they called him Gordon Richards—though I'd have thought he was more like Johnny Dines.

The H.M.P. bloke from Saint Andrew's that was acting Saint Joseph was called Kenneth Large. He was balmy, they reckoned, because he recited poetry at the concerts. He recited "my head is bloody but unbowed" and was choked when I beat him in the essay competition at our Eisteddfodd in May. The boys were delighted with me. The fact of my being Irish didn't weigh with the Elephant boys. Kenneth Large was a toff, while I was a scruffhound like themselves and knew about the pawn on Monday morning, and the old woman on the next floor fighting over who choked the cawsy by pitching cinders down the pot, and bunking into the pictures. For the North Circular Road, Dublin, was no different from Mile End.

So they took it as a victory for the lot of us, and they said that Kenneth Large and some of the other geezers that had been to grammar schools and colleges were choked—doing their nut over being beaten in an essay competition by a Paddy.

Joe Marcantonio looked over at him when he came into the library. "That there Kenneth—'e shouldn't be Saint Joseph," said he; "'e shouldn't be Saint Joseph—'e's a C. of E."

"You silly born bastard," said Charlie, "we got Saint Joseph and Jesus Christ and the lot in the C. of E. church, same as you 'ave."

"Mary" Williams came in, and sat down with his timid grin near the Matron who passed him her dogend. He drew on it, gratefully, and looked round the room, contented.

"That bleeding puff," said Joe, "'e'd do for Judas."

"Well, to tell the truth of him," said I, "I never heard of him shopping anyone." Neither I didn't; neither was he a puff, but that accusation was of no importance.

The door opened, and Charlie whistled in a whisper.

"My, My," said Joe, "get on that."

A girl of about nineteen had come in. Some of the blokes made room for her beside the Matron.

"She's the wife of Mister Hackbell, the young screw over the farm machinery," said a Welsh bloke behind us. He worked a tractor himself. "She is going to act the Virgin Mary."

"I'll be the Holy Ghost," said Joe.

The Welshman looked away, shocked.

I looked away from him myself. Not that I was shocked, God knows, but I was afraid I'd burst out laughing and that we would embarrass the girl, who was one among a lot of strange blokes, and Borstal Boys at that. You wouldn't mind the Matron, she was a Borstal Boy herself, damn near, but it would also be letting her down before the girl.

"Come along, dear," said the Matron, "we have only just begun."

The blokes stood up and nodded politely to her, and murmured "Excuse me" as she went towards the place where the Matron and Kenneth Large stood.

"She's a smasher all right," said Joe.

"She is that," said I.

Charlie looked at her and nodded, and looked back again at her. "She's in the play—she's the Virgin Mary."

"I know," said Joe, "I wish I could be the Baby."

The Matron called us round her then to give us our parts.

Joe and I were picked for two of the Wise Men, and the third Wise Man, the Black King, was a real black bloke called Christian, from Tiger Bay, near Cardiff. He got done for chopping the right arm off a Norwegian sailor. Now I come to think of it, I think it was the sailor's name was Christian—I could never remember.

"That's all for now," said the Matron, "you can go now, you blokes, except for 532 Jones" —that was the Welsh bloke who was singing a hymn in the play—"and Kenneth Large here."

Going along the corridor Charlie said to Joe, "That girl would get a nice idea of us if she'd heard you."

"Why, you fancy her yourself," said Joe. "Just look at 'im blushin'."

"It's all equal to you whether he fancies her or not," said I. "I suppose he wasn't got in a foundry any more than the rest of us; but you can fancy her without passing remarks on the girl and she good enough to come down amongst us and act in the play. Though I don't mind saying, that Kenneth Large has a soft job."

"He's kept back and all," said Charlie.

"Probably practising clinching with her," said Joe. "Why didn't they pick me for 'er spouse? I am Joseph, anyway, and always 'ave been. In real life."

"You'd have been a bit too much like real life," said I, "for a play."

BRENDAN BEHAN

The Arts and Entertainment

Jack Yeats

He is an old, very tall, thin man. His face is that of an old, tall, upright man; no literary image should be used to describe the face of this life-long image maker. And when I told him, thinking of how many tinkers and horse traders and wanderers he had painted, that Léger had said that the artist was in the same class as the *clochard*, because in their common desire for the danger of maximum freedom they backed the same horse, the only difference being that the artist won and the *clochard* lost—when I told him this, he smiled, sharing his own experiences with himself, and added like an old man, and exactly like an old man and nothing else—except that he was attentive enough to nod at the speed with which I was drinking his Irish whiskey—he added, "Yes, but some of the best people are losers. I've known some terrible brilliant men—all brilliance on the outside, and all morality inside, as a second line of defence."

How he hates morality, this octogenarian. For him morality is a foreign imposition brought on the point of the bayonet. A romantic conception? But this man is one of the last living romantics—not because he is still alive, but because he lives his philosophy. On the periphery of the twentieth century, he has challenged Thoreau's nineteenth-century remark, "It is now noble to profess because it was once noble to live." He has not played with the light effects so that the critics, goggling, search for the right word, earn their money by their hard struggle, and eventually spell out the label Romanticism; he is a romantic who has always walked out into the darkness, so that when he meets his travellers there is no need to portray them in fancy dress, for they already wear all that he has imagined in his own previous, dark, solitary journey. When a man advances into a cave, the dark winds round his throat and trails behind him like a scarf. When a girl stands on the shore, look! how the sea becomes her—in both palpitating senses of that word *become*. When soldiers are seen striking camp for the *second* time, all movements are automatic and even the dawn is tarnished, because "supposing you know you must die at dawn and you prepare yourself, and supposing you are reprieved and then have to face another dawn with the same knowledge—that is hard indeed."

No-one has ever been allowed to watch him paint. Before his wife died he used to take a white pipe-cleaner—"like a sheep's leg"—and bend it into a circle and put it on the knob of his studio door to warn her that he was at work. A question of professional secrets? No, a question of his being desperately—and to us rational materialists almost incomprehensibly—anxious that he might not be able to re-discover his own secrets. "And Carlyle," he laughs, "thought ninety-nine per cent. of genius was taking pains, I am sure now his poor wife had something to say about that. A painting is an event. And that's what that old Gamp Fry—do you still read him?—a grey-minded man and a timid painter, too—that's what he never understood. You can plan events, but if they go according to your plan they are not events."

I disagreed with him about art being amoral and said that I thought the artist had a single moral obligation as an artist: namely, to identify himself to the full with his subject.

His reply was to fill up my glass, refocus his eyes and tell me about his subjects. He sang "The boy I love is in the gallery" with Marie Lloyd, he showed me with his long thin hands the secrets of the grabbing conjuring tricks plied at the horse fairs, he fought old fights in the ring, he brought in a horse suspiciously offered

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for sale in the middle of the night and examined it with a lantern, he kept a late rendez-vous in the East India Docks, and then coming back to my point, he said: "Maybe. But too many moral people expect you to be respectable to your subjects. And how can you be that if you identify yourself with them? And then these same people come along and ask you, 'How long did it take you to do that painting?' and if you say months, they think it's worth a lot. That's morality for you."

Referring to Jack Yeats's paintings, Samuel Beckett wrote, "He grows Watteauer and Watteauer." That is a perceptive stimulating remark. The differences are obvious: the folds in the silk have become tears in rough cloth: the artificial gestures of the fête in the enclosed garden have become the so similar but *naturally* exaggerated gestures with which travellers greet each other on a deserted open plain. The nervousness of the technique has become magnified, as though one square centimetre of Watteau were painted to the scale of a square foot: Yeats is coarser—and gayer. But their subjects—transience, mortality—are the same, and, although Watteau's vision was melancholically ironic and Yeats's, just because it is coarser, is heroic—death for him is the condition for human consciousness and therefore for freedom—there has been no artist between these two who has specifically dealt with the same subject so poignantly and unsentimentally.

Thus Yeats's theme is universal. That is not to say that his works would fit easily into the modern cosmopolitan museum. They would not, for the works which are prefabricated for that museum are by artists who prefer to "profess" rather than live. And it is because Yeats realises that this profession of being all things to all men means the denial of living art, that he has always refused to allow his work to be reproduced in colour and bound in sumptuous volumes. The fact that he has consequently lost international recognition means less to him than the fact that each painting is an event—a single event. And when publishers have promised him the most accurate and faithful reproductions, he has replied: "The better they are the worse they are."

Like all artists who achieve a degree of universitality, Yeats is closely bound with the local and particular. Cézanne seems formalised until one has seen Provence through his eye. Yeats seems too "mobile," over-spontaneous, until one has watched the west coast of Ireland. And watched is the word, for the landscape there is a fast series of events, not a view—an unchanging structure. The land is as passive as a bog can be. The sky is all action. I am told that the sky is similar in California, and perhaps along any ocean coast facing west. But in Ireland the sky is a dancer, tender and wild alternately, and then furious, ripping her clothes and parading her golden body to get just one glimmer of response from the peat. And she gets it. For in the ruts and bog puddles and along the wet shoulders of a tarpaulin the water flashes back, seeming by contrast with its surroundings even brighter than her. And it is this wild dancing and wilder response that Yeats has painted. This is how the green lying on a distant hill is pulled, by the sheer movement of a foreground head turning, into that head's eyes, whilst the miles between the head and the hill remain. This is how a red streak in the sky becomes the gauntlet of a rider and the belly of his horse below.

Not that Yeats has ever been a literal landscape painter. He transforms everything within his imagination. And if I had to give a single reason why I believe he is a great painter I would cite the consistency of this power of his to transform. Like Giorgione or Delacroix, he can cast his spell even over the foreground of his pictures. Most modern romantics because they do not live their philosophy can never bring their romantic vision nearer than the middle distance: the foreground simply remains a frame. Yeats—and in this he is unlike his brother—has never stepped out of his vision. He has continued to embrace mortality in the face of every moral warning. But he has been able to do this because his vision has its roots in his country: visually in the Irish landscape: poetically in Irish folklore, and ideologically in the fact that Ireland has only up to now been able to fight English imperialism with the image of the independent individual Rebel.

JOHN BERGER

The Diary of Anne Frank

THE authors of this rare and moving play had an unusual problem to solve. The tragedy was ready made in the minds of the audience before the curtain went up. Thus—or so it seems to me—to compare the play with journalism exactly misses the point; it would be dramatic reporting only if its drama lay in the Hitler terror; but it doesn't. The drama is within this particular group of people caught in a trap, much the same human problems would be created if it were an earthquake or an H-bomb that threatened the prisoners. Our sympathies were already fully engaged with the real Anne, who died in Belsen and of whose existence we know only because she kept a diary during the two years she spent in an Amsterdam garret, hiding with her father and mother and sister in a party of eight Jews condemned to death, destined for the incinerator. They are caught in a trap from which the audience knows they will not escape. The Gestapo does not appear on the stage. We hear their heavy boots clatter on the stairs and the smash of the door as they burst through. The climax is the figure of Anne, caught for a moment by a beam of light in the darkened room, excited, naively pleased at being released after two years' hiding, almost looking forward to a future which we know is never to be hers.

Since the play is set in a trap, the drama must lie in the relations of the people inside it. In spite of the visits of their Dutch hosts who bring them food, almost their only knowledge of the outside world is the news of D-Day which deceives them into hope. The authors of the play have to solve the problem of time; to convey the immense *longueurs* and mounting stresses of a life in which eight ill-assorted characters live month after month on tip-toe, speak in whispers all the daylight hours, have no occupation except their own thoughts and fears, their inbred loves and hates. They mark the passage of time by interludes of darkness in which Anne's diary briefly records the monotony of daily life; by the competition for the lavatory where the plug must never be pulled until the warehousemen below have all gone home; by the wan celebration of yearly Jewish festivals; by the breakdown of morale among the less admirable among the prisoners (the vulgarity and selfishness of Mr. and Mrs. Van Daan is faithfully conveyed by Max Bacon and Miriam Karlin); by the increasing strain upon Mr. Frank (grandly played by George Voskovec); by the ever more tense self-control of Anne's mother, whose final outburst against the Van Daans is one of the most dramatic moments of the evening; and, above all, by the emotional development of the two children, Anne and Peter.

Peter is sixteen when their imprisonment begins, Anne thirteen. Of Harry Lockart's performance of Peter's embarrassed adolescence it is enough to say that it matches in sensitive beauty Miss Perlita Neilson's Anne. We see her change from a noisy, gay child to a wondering, adventurous young woman, astonished to discover within herself the facts and emotions of sex and gradually of love.

It is seldom that a cast achieves so uniformly high a standard. We owe much to Mr. Frith Banbury's production and to the ingenious and imaginative setting of Mr. Boris Aronson, who contrives by his background of Amsterdam roofs to make us feel that we are living in an attic where safety cannot be found in escape, but only, perhaps, by lying as still as a mouse in the grass.

This is not a play that anyone will forget. It

is never horrible in spite of its theme, and often it is funny. If its conclusion is hope and not despair, that must be because we cannot help believing that courage, vitality and love have value in themselves, even though those who possess them can achieve nothing outside their own prison-houses and only end their lives in the obscure misery of Belsen or Auschwitz.

KINGSLEY MARTIN

Gift Pony

MAJOR political crises have overshadowed an announcement which would have caused quite a row in quieter times—the government's offer of £100,000 to assist the ITA in maintaining the statutorily required "balance" in commercial television programmes.

This decision fulfils exactly the prediction that I made some time ago, when the ITA had applied for the £750,000 provided for by the Television Act. I foresaw that the government would turn down that application, but would in due course offer a smaller sum ("half a sop"). What nobody could have foreseen was that the four programme companies themselves—apparently without even consulting the ITA—would rush in publicly to reject this offer, as they did last week. Presumably they wanted to forestall any commitment by the ITA—a commitment that might have involved, with acceptance of the grant, acceptance also of some measure of government interference or even indirect responsibility to Parliament.

Their financial position, too, is considerably more comfortable, now that a real network is in operation, than it was when ITV was to be seen in the London area only, two companies had to bear the whole cost of productions, and many advertisers were still hesitant about the new medium. As any viewer can confirm, the advertisers are now flocking in: at some peak viewing times, indeed, the commercials are beginning to cluster so thickly that any sales-appeal they may have is apt to be offset by the irritation caused by the prolonged interruption of programmes. In this situation, a possible quarter-share in a £100,000 grant, not without "strings", is obviously mere chicken-feed.

All the same, it may turn out that the companies (who act, in such matters, through their own Programme Contractors' Association) were in some respects unwise to issue their statement so hastily. It may be said that, after all, it was not their place to reject the government offer, which was not made to them but to the ITA; and I should not be surprised if the ITA were feeling slightly aggrieved about their statement. If this were so, we might anticipate a slight hardening in the attitude of breezy *bonhomie* hitherto generally maintained by the ITA *vis-à-vis* the companies: the slap on the back might even be replaced by the kick in the pants.

For the companies' ungrateful snootiness really puts the ITA in a very awkward dilemma. Having repeatedly begged the government for a grant, the Authority can hardly now say, in effect: "Sorry, we don't want it after all." On the other hand, it would be difficult (and probably illegal) for the Authority itself to go into the business of actually producing programmes—and when and where would the programmes be shown? The companies would still have to be coaxed into finding time for them.

The ITA's first problem is, therefore, *how*—through what machinery—any "balancing" programmes are to be produced. One obvious thing to do with the money would be to give all or some of it to ITN, for an expansion of the already widely praised news programmes. But ITN's struggle for time is an old story; it is most unlikely that the companies would at this stage agree to give more time for news.

Moreover, it is by no means certain that this would be a proper use of the money. The first problem—how—cannot be considered without reference to a second problem: *where* is "balance" most needed in ITV?

It can, I think, be argued that, in that part of the programmes to which news belongs—information and enlightenment, or whatever it may be called—ITV is a good deal stronger than it seemed likely at first to be. This is thanks largely to Granada, which, long before it began to broadcast, was always looked forward to by ITA spokesmen as a balancing factor in the network. With ITN, *Free Speech*, *About Religion*, *What the Papers Say*, *Under Fire*, and *This Week*, this aspect of ITV does not compare too unfavourably with the BBC.

It is, however, a good deal weaker on the strictly "cultural" side: programmes about the arts and drama of high quality are rare (*Hamlet* and *Look Back in Anger* being two of the rarities), and a first-class science programme is still wanted. If the "how" can be settled—perhaps by the creation of a special sub-contracting agency—this is where the taxpayers' £100,000 may be spent; but one can foresee some sticky negotiation about the matter between the companies and the ITA, and searching criticism in Parliament, where some MPs may welcome the subsidy for the closer control of ITV it may give them, while others will oppose it on the general ground that ITV ought to achieve without subsidy the balance required by the Act.

One thing seems certain: the ITA will have to redefine "balance" much more precisely. The companies, who will to some extent have provoked the redefinition, may not like it when they get it.

TOM DRIBERG

A Lost Opportunity

IT is surprising that the Arts Council and the Italian Institute, who have in conjunction arranged the exhibition of modern Italian Art at the Tate, should choose to present it as a representative collection of twentieth-century Italian Art—as the choice of title and the foreword to the catalogue suggest. In fact the exhibition allows one to draw fewer conclusions about contemporary Italian art than about the taste of Mr. Eric Estorick, from whose collection the paintings come. He favours the more naturalistic painters, has a predilection for pictures with unemotional subject matter, treated in sombre or soft colours, and he buys, understandably enough, mostly small and medium-sized canvases; he obviously does not collect to dazzle and impress, but for his own enjoyment and satisfaction. All this is in itself admirable, but it does not make for a stimulating public exhibition. Of all the painters represented, only Campigli, who one feels must be the artist closest to the collector's own heart, can be seen in his full stature, and his chalky, witty paintings of terracotta marionettes playing at being real live people are both enjoyable and decorative. In the same light vein there are paintings by Fausto Pirandello and Antonio Music, and there is also a charming but slightly ludicrous Marini *gouache* of a circus horse and two figures that looks like a reinterpretation of Marie Laurencin by Ronald Searle. It is hung, incongruously, in the same bay as Guttuso's *Death of a Hero*; this was one of the best paintings in the Guttuso exhibition at the Leicester Galleries a couple of years ago and it is one of the best things in Mr. Estorick's collection, although it looks rather uncomfortable in its present company, and the treatment of the subject, over-emotional at the best of times in its conventional use of Communist symbols, is at the present moment doubly distasteful. (One cannot help hoping that a painter of Guttuso's intensity will be led by the events of the last weeks to disentangle himself from the rigid Communist orthodoxy in which his talents are enmeshed.) Marini himself is an infinitely finer artist than he might appear to be from the examples of his work in this exhibition, and so are Morandi and de Pisis and Birolli; and of the fourteen Sironis, not one would lead one to suspect that he is a significant painter.

The first room, however, which contains the

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This study of the Hanoverian monarchs is one of the successes of the autumn season, for as Mr. Raymond Mortimer wrote in the *Sunday Times* "Mr. Plumb is one of the most enjoyable of living historians, a scholar with a lively mind." 21s.

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JOSEPH BRADDOCK

Sir Gordon Barry in the *News-Chronicle* has described this new collection of ghost stories as "a rich variety of debatable material for the sceptic, the believer and the plain lover of a good ghost story to mull over." Illustrated by Felix Kelly. 21s.

historical section of the exhibition, is fascinating. Large important Futurist canvases are obviously now hard to come by, and there are few first-class examples here, but Mr. Estorick has succeeded in compiling an intriguing set of documents. In 1911, Marinetti, the real leader of the movement, arranged for Boccioni, Russolo and Carrà to visit Paris in order to look at advanced French painting, and subsequently they destroyed or repainted much of their early work, so then one rarely sees Futurist works before the Cubist influence had set in. Here there are two, and it is interesting to look at them with the blood and thunder of the painters' manifestoes in mind. *La Musica*, a vast canvas by Russolo, shows a purple pianist producing a bright blue coil of sound, while above red, yellow and green masks, representing notes of music, laugh and smirk in encouragement. *Idolo Moderno* by Boccioni, who was the most talented of the group, shows the head of a grim-looking prostitute in a flowered hat, surrounded by the jabbing shafts of street lights. Five paintings by Severini, a gifted but derivative painter who lived in Paris, provide a running commentary on what was happening in contemporary French painting—indeed number 17 of the catalogue, erroneously entitled *Dancer* (2), is a reinterpretation in Futurist terms of a Cubist portrait of a woman in a plumed hat by Metzinger. There are also a few powerful sketches of a later Futurist period by Boccioni, a couple of good de Chiricos and two superb Modigliani drawings.

The exhibition of paintings by Max Ernst at Matthiessen's, presented as a retrospective survey of his work, consists of a few important pictures lent by a single English collector, several small, unimportant works from various other private collections, and some fifteen or twenty recent works which the gallery is presumably offering for sale. I hope to say more about this exhibition next week.

JOHN GOLDING

Chnouf

FROM Oxford Street, now completely in the grip of fairies, pixies, glow-worms, and the like, it is an enormous assuagement to be able to turn into the Cinephone and enjoy a French film about the drug traffic. An aeroplane lands; out of it steps our old friend—watched, we are glad to note, by the police—Jean Gabin. He has the same rugged charm, seems not a season or a film older. In fact I can't think of anyone on the screen who has aged so naturally—for aged of course he has—and all the time in the white light of a film career. Sometimes perhaps the hair may be more greyed, the trunk more set: on this occasion he is a little younger than usual, only—if we look carefully—the mouth has a thin line.

He is nice and calm, but of course in the drug traffic (supposed to be worse than that which threatens along Oxford Street outside), and so must look sometimes stern. The visit to the gang's chemist is serious; even the gate of the ramshackle house outside Paris won't open till a lady in a dressing-gown—and no more?—she is always so wrapped—has flashed up a light over the gate and pressed the admittance button; and, once in, we must go down to a cellar to whiff the secrets of turning crude opium into a marketable, and presumably palatable, powder. Other revelations concern a railwayman on one of the big lines who brings the crude stuff in hidden panels of the corridor W.C., its transfer in a café to one of M. Gabin's assistants after some absorbing talk about cigarette papers, the organisation that will distribute in ingenious ways, such as a split-second assignation on the Varennes underground platform and the precious packet left in the slot-machine tray. This thrilled me. I remember an occasion in real life when I was walking along the Rue de la Madeleine in a deserted lunch-hour, and an Arab quickly passed the well-dressed woman walking in front, dropping unmistakably into her hand the small packet. Nothing so crude as this, I need hardly say, disfigures *Chnouf*, except that rather a lot of people seem to get killed. "Chnou", by the way, meaning dope, snow, or what you will, comes presumably from a gallicisation of snuff. It is as well when faced by the English sub-titles of such films to prefer what one can understand of the original: for example, "*elle s'est couchée*" to "she's hit the kip." These latter words, foisted upon M. Gabin, hardly do him justice.

The mysterious hierarchy is conventional, so also is the gun-battle which ends all, or some. M. Gabin suffers a transformation; but I can't go further; convention, again, forbids revealing a last twist. It shocked me, I may say. I was quite satisfied with things as they were, and to have the ground suddenly swept from under one's feet extends a hollowness to much that had seemed solid. The best performance after Gabin's is that of the unidentifiable woman addict—Lila Kednova, is it?—and Henri Decoin's direction shows a feeling for background. I would advise anyone on the run in Oxford Street to seek the refuge of *Chnouf*.

At South Bank—how geography will change the tone!—another season has started with the general title "The Return to Life" and a succession of Italian films in the realist tradition. I missed the first, Franco Rossi's *Amici per la Pelle*, but saw the second, *Gli Sbandati*. This is a talented, brittle, yet absorbing piece about youth in the confusions of the 1943 retreat, and the clash between those who have suffered from war and those who, through riches, have been able to ignore it. It is this young director's—Francesco Maselli's—first work; and two other first works of interest are to be shown, Visconti's *Ossessione* and Fellini's *Lo Sceicco Bianco*. Fellini's masterpiece, *La Terra Trema* will open the second part of the season.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

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Correspondence

THE HUNGARIAN REVOLUTION

SIR,—As one who was not only a witness of, but who also played an active part in, the Hungarian revolution, I would like to reply to some of the statements made by your correspondent, J. Mendelson. As most of the information to which your correspondent refers is inaccurate, his subsequent assessment of the Hungarian revolution is necessarily distorted. Therefore I should like to state the following facts:

The revolution did begin, indeed, with the participation of the whole working class and youth of Hungary with the object of re-establishing freedom for both the individual and the nation; and these objectives have been maintained throughout with the participation of the whole people. Your correspondent refers to book burning. This in fact took place *at the very beginning* of the revolution, the moral attitude of which at this early stage is not even doubted by your correspondent. The truth is that the book burning was confined to two book shops, one of which was the "Horizon" bookshop, selling Russian language publications, and the other "Szikra," selling Communist Party publications. The symbolic meaning of this demonstration was identical with the pulling down of the Stalin monument: they expressed the determination of the fight against spiritual oppression inside the country, and against military oppression from outside. These two motives continued to be apparent throughout, culminating in the logical demand for national self-determination. To attempt to assess these as symptoms of extreme nationalism seems to me rather strange. It is even more strange if your correspondent wants to reinforce this allegation by citing the demand that Hungarian uranium should be sold to the West and not to the East. The simple truth is that what we asked for was that our uranium should be sold for money.

Contrary to the statement of your correspondent, I would like to stress that nowhere in Hungary did I see the reappearance of uniforms of the pre-1945 Horthy army. What is even more important, however, is the fact that the spirit of the pre-1945 epoch never reappeared.

It is true that the Nagy government had no authority for some days and that Nagy himself was a prisoner in the Parliament building. This, however, was during the first days of the revolution, when he was a captive of the Russians. As soon as the Russians left Budapest, and thus the defence of Parliament could be undertaken by the freedom fighters, the situation changed. A new coalition government was formed under Nagy which, especially in view of the participation of Anna Kéthly and Béla Kovács, enjoyed the confidence of the whole nation. This coalition government expressed the identity of purpose shared by both the people and the political leaders. The freedom fighters were therefore as loyal to the government as the government was loyal to the revolution. Consequently, contrary to your correspondent's statement, the possibility of establishing a military counter-government never arose. On the other hand, the army was indeed represented in the national councils, together with the delegates of the workers, peasants and revolutionary youth.

The declared policy of the government—aiming at free elections and declaration of neutrality—was one to which they proceeded under the so-called "extremist" pressure of the masses. I leave it to the discretion of your readers whether such demands should be considered as of an "extreme right-wing" and "extremist nationalist" character.

I do not want to go into the assessment of Radio Free Europe. It is, however, an entirely false interpretation to maintain that this radio service exercised an influence of any consequence on Hungarian public opinion. Moreover it is not true that they sent a "team of broadcasters" to Hungary. They did, in fact, send their reporters, as it was their job to do so. On the other hand, it is a fact that the streets of Budapest were plastered with posters demanding the withdrawal of Russian troops and stressing at the same time that Hungary did not wish to have any *other* foreign troops in her territory either.

Your correspondent is right in saying that the revolution became more and more anti-Russian, culminating in the declaration of withdrawal from the Warsaw Pact. But Mr. Mendelson should know that this was preceded by the blood-bath of the Russian army, which was carried out right at the beginning against defenceless Hungarian workers and students, under the pretext of the Warsaw Pact.

It was due to the spontaneous character of the revolution that the printing plants produced such a large number of posters. The fact that some of these were worded in a crude and impulsive way only reflects the means of expression peculiar to any working class at its moment of gaining power. I was unable, of course, to see all the posters that appeared, but if it is true that the freedom fighters called on the Russian soldiers in the Russian language not to fight against their Hungarian fellow-workers, since our fight was at the same time conducted on behalf of the peoples of the Soviet Union, then I believe that those who wrote these appeals were no counter-revolutionaries but the first people to assess the Hungarian revolution in its historical context.

L. H.

Hungarian Revolutionary Council of
University Students.

SIR,—I was in Hungary from October 28 until November 11 and should like to correct and support Jack Mendelson's letter. Some of his facts are wrong. Nagy was not "virtually a prisoner in the Parliament building" on the day before the Soviet army moved into Budapest again: nor was he besieged "by a huge crowd demanding his head." I can say this with confidence because I spent a good deal of that day—in the Parliament building and out of it—with one of Nagy's closest friends and advisers. The team of broadcasters sent by Radio Free Europe, an odious organisation, to the western town of Győr played no part in events: the Russians sensibly impounded them. "A crowd under the leadership of extreme nationalists" did not storm the Foreign Ministry: on Friday, November 2, a small group of such people taking orders from a man called Jozsef Dudás tried to occupy that building, but were evicted; and Dudás was later arrested by order of the government.

As to Friday's lynchings in Republic Square, it is worth recalling that the mob was eventually driven off by tanks under the Hungarian flag: a *Paris-Match* photographer, bravely getting pictures, was among those fatally wounded by their fire. On the following morning I happened myself to be talking to General István Kovács (deputy of the newly appointed General Maléter) at the Ministry of Defence, when he was informed by telephone that another crowd was intent on lynching suspected AVH men (political policemen): I heard him give sharp orders for an army unit to intervene and arrest the suspected men.

Two ministers, not four, visited Mindszenty on Thursday, November 1: they were Tildy and Maléter. I talked to both of them, before and after, in the Cardinal's antechamber, where, with one other British journalist (Tony Cavendish of the B.U.P.), I was waiting for an interview with the Cardinal. We had that interview directly after Tildy came out; and were told by the Cardinal—who was much too tired, worried, and bemused for diplomatic fencing—that he was trying to find out what the situation really was, and would declare himself two days later. And his broadcast on the following Saturday night was not, in the event, a weakening of the government's position: he called for national unity and a return to work—precisely what the Nagy government most needed at that time.

Of course there was a danger of things slipping hopelessly to the right. Many disgusting incidents of mob violence, many nasty signs of growing right-wing pressure, much evidence of mischief-making intervention by western cold-war agencies began to occur and appear after five or six days' fighting against the Soviet army. And one's estimate of what would have happened without a second Soviet intervention will obviously depend on what one personally saw and experienced during the days before November 4. My own opinion remains that the Nagy government was gaining in control and

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strength; and that successful negotiation with the Soviet army for withdrawal would have restored Nagy to great national prestige. Others think otherwise. The Chinese, for instance, believe that white terror had won control of Budapest for 48 hours before the second Soviet attack: they, after all, had eight of their Legation staff assaulted (one so badly as to need amputation of a leg), and many of their students insulted.

However that may be, no sensible opinion about Hungary can be based on "the second intervention." The key questions are: What was the true nature of the Rákosi regime? Why did the Russians intervene in the first place? And what do they mean to do now?

Now I am sure—what I did not know before, but ought to have suspected or found out—that the Rákosi regime was a bloodstained tyranny beside which Horthy's pre-war regime pales to a tolerant and liberal democracy. I ought to have suspected or found out because radical friends of mine, in Hungary, have now told me how they suffered under that terror; and I am one of those who owe them such amends as one can make for not having bestirred myself in their behalf. What is clear and certain now is that the Stalin-Beria system was exported and imposed on Hungary, after the end of 1948, "down to the last chip." Thereafter Hungary was a Soviet colony, "Socialist and peace-loving" on its propaganda façade, murderous and bankrupt in reality. The British *Daily Worker*, I notice, is still loyal to the propaganda façade: with a dishonesty as silly as it is cynical, it is still talking about the "mistakes" of the Rákosi regime. But murder is not a mistake. Fake trials are not errors. Criminal perversions of everything that Socialism is thought to mean are not malpractices. This, of course, is the language of the morally bankrupt.

Why did the Soviet leaders commit the brutal folly of sending in their tanks to fight for the Rákosi regime? The answer must be complex. But part of it, surely, is that they both welcome and resist the "de-Stalinising" process: they want it to go on, but only if they can control it. Yet the nature of the process is that ordinary people should control it. So they slew about in contradictory courses.

What do they mean to do now? That depends very largely on the western powers. There was probably never a time when the British Labour Party had a better opportunity of asserting itself for the good of Europe. It is terribly urgent that responsible voices in Britain be raised in favour of dismantling the cold war alliances and displacing them by all-European security agreements within the United Nations. Instead of standing by in gormless wonder while Poles and Hungarians and others—yes, and Russians, too—strike out on new paths for new freedoms, why can we not play our part, why can we not show that we will honour and assist these attempts, and not try to pervert or exploit them for sordid, reactionary, or so-called "strategic" ends?

BASIL DAVIDSON

London, S.W.13.

REVISION OF MARXISM

SIR,—The signatories of the letter repudiating the "grave crimes and abuses in the U.S.S.R." affirm that Marxism is not out of date. It would be interesting to know what Marxist interpretation there could be of the events in the U.S.S.R. and the uncritical support which many Marxists gave to the distorted versions of them.

I suggest that we should have to go outside orthodox Marxism to account for these things; to move into the regions of the irrational, the emotional, perhaps the psychopathological, to say why a man like Stalin could gain such power and why intelligent and otherwise critical people in this and other countries with no less facts to go on than other people had, should have allowed themselves to be so completely deceived.

Marxist thinkers have had a psychological blind spot which has, I think, been partly responsible for the extent of their deception. They have refused to accept any development of Marxist theory which has sought to incorporate the work of contemporary psychology in understanding how human beings think and act. They have thought almost exclusively in terms of social categories which has led to a lack of humanity in dealing with people who did not fit neatly into their categories. Perhaps if Marxists begin now to see how vastly more complex human beings are than they have allowed for, some good may emerge from the present disintegration.

4 Station Avenue, Edgbaston. R. OSBORN

CYPRUS EMERGENCY

SIR,—On November 26, 1956, a year has been completed since the declaration of the state of emergency in Cyprus.

Your journal, in its issue of December 3, 1955, commenting on the Emergency Measures, said:—

> Cypriots can be lawfully arrested without warrant, tried by court martial and executed by firing squad. . . . Sir John Harding, in fact, is now in a position to do anything except restore order or solve the problem of Cyprus.

The experience of one year's emergency measures has proved that you were right about what you said then. Eight Cypriots have been executed since then, hundreds, against whom no charge has been brought, are detained in prisons and concentration camps, but the gap between the people of Cyprus and the British government remains as wide as ever.

The government can partly repair the damage done by postponing executions and relaxing the emergency measures.

K. L. TSIOUPRAS

PRIESTLEY AND LEAVIS

SIR,—What travesty Mr. Priestley was travestying when he honoured me with his attention in your pages I didn't know; it hardly, at the time, seemed to me to matter much. When, however, in your issue of December 1, a month after Mr. Priestley's original performance, you print the letter from Mr. James Reeves I feel compelled to make some comment. Mr. Reeves doesn't convey his intention very precisely or directly (he was no doubt anxious to avoid dogmatism), but in printing his letter you implicitly offer it as a seriously relevant contribution and, I must suppose, aimed at me. "Some critics," says Mr. Reeves, "are more concerned for their professional standards than for the literature they profess to serve": they practise or preach a "dogmatic exclusiveness"—this appears to be the charge—that discourages people who haven't read anything as good as "even Mr. Priestley" from making contacts with literature they would otherwise have made. I needn't discuss how, exactly, the alleged process of discouragement could work or what conception Mr. Reeves himself can have of the function of criticism (I cannot myself see what is gained by getting one's pupils to read best-sellers). What I have to note is the pretty obvious relation of his "dogmatic exclusiveness" to the figure presented as me by Mr. Priestley.

Let me then say that, in the talk to which Mr. Priestley referred, so far from being engaged in general demolition, I was guided by the explicit aim of insisting on the different kinds of discrimination one has to make in coming to terms with the literature of one's own time. It was essentially *of* my theme that I should instance (it strikes me as odd that I should have to say this, in view of the printed evidence of my habit as a critic) a number of creative achievements that seem to me to stand as, in their different ways, classical, or memorable, thought not among the greatest, or even major. It is very true that I was concerned to insist on the importance of standards; I gave my grounds for holding that, in the past quarter of a century, much talent had failed to develop because of the absence of standards—because, that is, of the virtual abeyance of the critical function (and, let me say, no serious attempt has ever been made to answer the case that I have presented with a great deal of particularity, again and again). In my account of what a due performance of the function of criticism would have been like—for there you have my theme—the conception of criticism I invoked was the very reverse of a dogmatic one. Mr. R. W. H. Holland who, in another letter, alleges that for some undergraduates I tend to be an "oracle," will perhaps bear witness that the "oracle," where he is listened to, is known for his insistence that criticism, of its essential nature, is collaborative—collaborative and creative, and that a due performance of the function requires a plurality of centres. (Undergraduates making, in discussion, the point that a judgment has the form "This is so, is it not?" and that the critic expects a response of the form "Yes, but—," have been greeted with ironical smiles by colleagues of mine: the "influence" is recognised.)

I do indeed think it urgently necessary for a living contemporary literature that the function of criticism should be restored, and therefore I am depressed (if not, unhappily, surprised) when the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION judges such an article as Mr. Priestley's a good thing for a journal that addresses an educated public to print.

Downing College, Cambridge. F. R. LEAVIS

SIR,—I should like to suggest a New Year resolution for the English literary intelligentsia. Namely, to learn how to dispute *directly* about a subject. The chief reason for the closed-in, stale atmosphere that hangs about their controversies is this habit they have of arguing at several removes. Authors are attacked not because of what they have written but because of what people have written about what they have written. Their personal characters are dissected by people who have never met them, and assigned to causes which have never operated. Mr. Priestley attacks Dr. Leavis on the strength of what some fatuous gossip-writer *said* he had said. Now Mr. Maxwell, who was not moved to intervene in the original dispute, attacks me for not being nasty enough to Mr. Priestley.

One result of this habit of mind is that every literary controversy moves at once into a state of confusion in which nobody can seriously discuss anything. When a similar tangle happens on the football field, the referee blows his whistle and the players all go back to their original positions. But our literary controversialists cannot do this, however hard the whistle is blown, because they did not have clearly

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defined positions to start with. (What position could Mr. Maxwell go back to, for instance?) And the root of the trouble, clearly, is this odd habit of ignoring the real matter at issue and joining in merely to nag at the disputants. While a controversy is still fresh, while it still has some relevance to its original topic, they ignore it; but let it get musty and fourth-hand, and they swarm over it like bluebottles. Has it *always* got to be like this?

Reading. JOHN WAIN

THE ENGLISH OUT OF IRELAND

SIR,—Mr. Marlowe Hone, in a review of a book by Mr. Stephen Rynne, implies that we in Ireland have gained nothing by getting the British out of here.

We read (and write) the *N. S. & N.* for no chauvinistic reason of countries right or wrong, but I think I, as a Dublin man of working-class Connolly and Larkin Socialistic origin, would be a better Irish guide to your readers than Mr. Rynne—a Downside Catholic Englishman who cannot even spell an Irish place name—or Mr. Hone, who for all his splendid first name I do not know a damn thing about—nor even if he is one of *the* Hones, Nathaniel, Joseph, David or Pogema Hone.

I assure you, sir, that the northside of Dublin has been changed, in a gigantic programme of house and flat building, out of my own recognition. I saw, with interest, as a former slum dweller and building worker the beautiful flats at Quarry Hill estate in Leeds, and I saw the lovely flats at Westbourne Grove or near it (the only two places in London of whose position I am certain are the Newspaper Workers' Club in Gunpowder Alley at the back of your place and the B.B.C.), but the next time you are in Dublin let me show you the new flats at Hardwicke Street—let me show you any of them, and there are miles of them, far more than in any other city I know—and I view slum clearance with an expert eye.

I may say, of course, that I remain an unrepentant Socialist and do not imply approval of any other activity of church or state in Ireland—but credit where it's due—Mr. Hone or Mr. Rynne never lived in the Irish parts of Ireland—I did—they smelt.

18 Waterloo Road, Dublin. BRENDAN BEHAN

GRADUATE EMPLOYMENT

SIR,—In her review of *Graduate Employment* Judith Hubback remarks on the fact that in 1950 "a higher proportion of those with third-class degrees in science and mathematics went into teaching than of those with firsts and seconds," and she comments "What the reader would like to know is the extent to which men are making different choices now."

This information is available in *The Supply of Mathematics and Science Teachers*, which reports on a survey of a complete year's output of such (trained) teachers conducted in 1955-56. One sad finding was that "whereas First and Second Class Honours account for 67 per cent. of arts graduates, they account for only 31 per cent. in the case of mathematics and science as a whole and for only 24 per cent. in mathematics and 18 per cent. in physics." These figures relate to men: in the case of women there is not only a qualitative but a most serious quantitative deficiency, with only 58 graduates available for mathematics as compared with 228 for English, and only 40 physicists and chemists compared with 140 historians and 222 modern linguists. We estimate that "if the present situation continues only one grammar school boy in four is likely to enjoy the stimulus of being taught mathematics by men similarly qualified to those who teach him arts subjects."

Our report makes several suggestions for dealing with this appalling situation, one of them being that the training colleges should be encouraged to produce as many graduate scientists and mathematicians as possible and that salaries should be paid which will attract the necessary specialists in science and mathematics to training college staffs.

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The Fall of the House of Ushers

"I AM one of the diminishing band who dearly love a bishop," wrote Mr. Raymond Mortimer twenty years ago in the pages of this journal. Each of us has his own biographical fantasy and I must confess to adhering to that slender faction that dearly loves a Victorian Headmaster. I collect them, as I once collected the film stars and Test cricketers on the cigarette cards of my youth. I revel in their memoirs and biographies. I prize their tremendous and flagellatory photographs. I hoard their anecdotes, I gloat over their huge and hurricane careers. The thought of the thousands of young lives ruined by these great men never seriously disturbs my sleep. They are a personality cult, a psychological outlet for sadism, father-fixation and all the other guilty burdens that the age has laid upon us.

As we all know, there are two types of great headmaster. With the second—Thring of Uppingham, Sanderson of Oundle, Roxburgh of Stowe, the Norwoods, Rendalls, Costley-Whites and Claude Aurelius Elliotts—I have nothing to do. These humane, enlightened and fertilising individuals fail to stir my imagination. These are the bad years of archididascalom. I am concerned here only with vintage headmasters, the gowned and scowling clergymen who bestrode the *Weltanschauung* of the Anglo-Saxon nineteenth century. These tardy merchants of the Manchester School, dealing in one commodity, exported the youth of England to Manitoba, Zanzibar and all ports East of Suez for at least three generations. They forged the Establishment that is now dying in front of our eyes and we shall not see their like again. Preaching and birching, birching and preaching, turn and turn about, they sleep on in the bosom of Sir Henry Newbolt:

> Headmasters all for England's sake,
> Honour be yours and fame:
> Percival, Sewell, Vaughan, Jex-Blake
> And Arnold's peerless name!

What actors they were, their stage the chapels and Sixth Form-rooms of the public schools of England! One glance at that photograph of Dr. Moberly taking a Division in the Big Schoolroom at Winchester (*Six Great Schoolmasters*: F. D. How) is enough to give the game away. His manner, an old pupil remarked, "was strong and lasting . . . he paced up and down with his book, and turned Homer into such splendid English that he *made* you love it." "He would take Horace's 'Town and Country Mouse' and positively dramatise it. He was a splendid actor," wrote another Wykehamist Anon.

Yet clearly Moberly was in the second class, a mere Beerbohm Tree to Dr. Arnold's Irving. Leaving Lytton Strachey aside—and on this subject it is best that we should—who, having once read it, will ever forget Dean Stanley's *Life*? What a terrible and instructive book it is! So well-meant, so high-minded, so transcendently ethical—yet so disastrous a record, the life-story of a man whose sheer force of character formed the matrix of nineteenth-century England. Kind and gentle to the smaller boys, terrible and aloof with the middle portion of the school, the Doctor reserved his grand manner for those best able to appreciate it. Only to the Sixth did he reveal himself in the full majesty of his *numen*.

Arnold is the wellspring of the headmaster's *persona*, a pattern that emerged and persisted, unmodified, beyond the Crimea, the Mutiny and the Boer War, on into 1918—after which, like the Marxist idea of the State, it slowly withered away. Somehow, after the First World War, the rot set in. Ypres and Vimy, Mons and the Somme, did for the old gentlemen—though the nightingales that sang in Gordon Square are apt to get the credit. Such tough old hams could never have been licked by Bloomsbury.

Even today, their *ethos* lingers on—chiefly, alas, only in a certain class of fiction. Judging by the many books I have scanned on the subject, I would say that the secret of their personalities lay in their reserves of moral force—reserves that could be switched on or off, tapped, dribbled or turned full on to gushing point with the dexterity and timing of the born emotional *prestidigitateur*. From this source flowed their power of totalitarian aggression—against masters, parents, boys, the Governors, *The Times* itself. Take Percival's assertion to the Council of Clifton. The time is 1862 and the prospective headmaster twenty-eight. "When the interview took place," Archbishop Temple tells us in his biography, "one member of the Council observed, 'You are very young, Mr. Percival.' 'And unmarried,' added another. 'A few years will correct the former,' replied the candidate, 'and a few weeks the latter.'" Needless to say, the Council appointed him, "and the place of Clifton among the great public schools was from that moment secure."

Their attitude to parents was Doric and uncompromising. When a fastidious lady asked Frederick Walker, High Master of St. Paul's, what was the social standing of the boys at his school, the great man answered simply: "Madam, so long as your son behaves himself and the fees are paid, no question will be asked about his social standing." The *locus classicus* governing the Victorian headmaster's relations with (*a*) parents, (*b*) boys and (*c*) the Press is to be found in a throwaway chapter ("Incidental Work as Headmaster") in the life of Haig Brown of Charterhouse, regarding the expulsion of a boy named Carritt, after his temporary removal from the school as a result of an outbreak of diphtheria. The boy's father protested and *The Times* supported him in two weighty leading articles. The Head remained unperturbed. He wrote to *The Times* as follows:

> So far as the letter which appeared under the above heading in your issue of Saturday refers to my own conduct, I do not care to answer it. . .

"This letter," his biographer writes, "was the sole reply which he made to all the abuse which was hurled at him for many weeks in the public Press. . . . One man, on reading the letter quoted above, at once exclaimed: 'That is the man to whom I send my son!'" And, of course, he did so.

Again, what promptitude they displayed in quelling mutiny or the slightest signs of disaffection! The Stalinist note that sounds in all their life-histories speaks for itself. Few now remember Dr. Cotton's episcopate at Calcutta—cut off, says the *D.N.B.*, "in the midst of his useful and varied labours . . . on Oct. 6, 1866, when returning in the dusk on board a steamer from which he had landed to consecrate a cemetery at Kushtia on the Ganges, . . . he fell into the river and, being carried away by the strong undercurrent, was never seen again." Even a Governor-General's Order in Council has failed to keep Cotton's memory alive *qua* Bishop. It is as the man who smashed the worst rising in public-school history (1852) that Old Marlburians will remember him. Cotton was only one of a heroic band. "The very first day," writes A. C. Benson of his father's life at Wellington,

> an odd incident occurred. About three in the morning, my father was awakened by voices and the tramping of many feet, and looking out, it being a bright moonlight night, saw the boys coming into the court. Visions of a rebellion flashed across his mind, and he hurriedly dressed and went down and discovered that the boys had taken the bright moonlight for day, not having a watch among them, and had cheerfully dressed and gone down so as to be certain of being in time for school.

Only William Sewell, the donnish Warden of Radley ("I have some sweet recollections of the whipping-room at Radley") failed to keep in step. Need one add that he was "High"? Incense apart, Sewell's weakness was debt. He could never get out of it. The sequel is best told by that old Oxford *raconteur*, the Rev. W. Tuckwell, in his inimitable *Reminiscences*.

> . . . Finally, to celebrate the opening of a new gymnasium, which cost *somebody* £1,600, a Belshazzar feast was given. A vast assembly came; Sewell, in full Doctor's dress of scarlet and black velvet, welcomed us—as usual, a perfect host. We sate to a splendid banquet; Dan Godfrey's band discoursed sweet music; 600lb. of strawberries, we were told, covered the tables at dessert, and all went merry as a marriage bell. After dinner, not waiting for the concert, as my wife and I sate expecting our carriage in an unlighted corner, we saw Hubbard of the Bank of England, whom I knew to have made large advances, pacing up and down alone, with anxious face and corroded brow. "The handwriting on the wall," I whispered; and so it was. The reckless extravagance of that evening scared him; a closer inspection of the school affairs revealed secrets of indebtedness which had been hitherto concealed from him. Within a few days he seized the place as principal creditor, sent Sewell right away, repudiated all his debts, cancelled the claims of parents who had paid in advance, sold all unnecessary splendours. . . . Sewell came into Oxford a broken

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man, then disappeared; dying, I think, at Dover, not till 1874.

"When I say that the Head had a dread of death," writes R. J. Mackenzie in *Almond of Loretto*, "it may be that I produce a wrong impression. It would be more correct to say he was greedy of life." I believe that there is a strong pattern in vintage headmasters' lives—a pattern that finds its archetypal form in the life of John Percival. His labours at Clifton lasted 17 years: his sermons were prodigious, his staying-power immense, his capacity to overwork his subordinates outrageous. He was a recruiting-sergeant of genius, "When can you begin, Dakyns?" "Oh, quite soon. In two or three days at the most." "There's a train in a hour's time; they are rather hard pressed down there. I think you'd better take that." "I shall be watching you," he told the shuddering new boys, "every day of your lives." He made Clifton one of the crack public schools of England: by the time he eventually cracked up himself ("during his last three years . . . he had terrible nightmares") everyone was at the end of his tether. "Percival was like an inspired demonic conductor of an orchestra," wrote T. E. Brown to his successor: "He has lashed us into Bacchic fury . . . he is divine; but we want rest."

Back to Oxford went Percival as President of Trinity. But, alas, the headship of a college was a tame affair after Clifton—intellectually suspect, too ("I have got my principles. I have seen the results on men of reading Hegel"). When, as a result of absenteeism from chapel, he summoned the entire college to his room, the young men retorted by waltzing in pairs outside his study. Nine years after his breakdown, Percival was aching for fresh Sixth Forms to conquer. Obligingly, Rugby fell vacant and the great man departed for the Midlands. He began well by expelling five boys publicly ("the first, second and third duty of a Headmaster is to get rid of unpromising material"); soon he had the Rugbeians playing football in extra-lengthened flannel shorts held down with elastic because he believed that bare knees might be an incentive to vice. "The rod in his hands," wrote G. F. Bradby, admiringly, "was no toy weapon." Needless to say, they adored him. On his last Sunday at Rugby, before leaving to be consecrated Bishop of Hereford, seventeen great elms were blown down by a gale in School Close. The late Archbishop Temple clearly saw a profound significance in this portent and we are inclined to agree with him.

Now they are gone forever and we are left with the bright young committee-men, urbane fee-raisers, pillars of the Headmasters' Conference, who read Proust, lecture on the Third Programme, are kind to parents and give their older pupils sherry. Ichabod indeed! As the cold autumn evenings descend and the elms "fade into dimness apace," those of us who dearly love a Victorian headmaster find ourselves murmuring a paraphrase of Matthew Arnold:

> O strong souls, by what shore
> Tarry you now? For that force,
> Surely, has not been left vain?
> Somewhere, surely afar,
> In the sounding labour-house vast
> Of being, is practised that strength,
> Zealous, beneficent, firm!

JOHN RAYMOND

Opera Allsorts

Sopranos of Today. By HAROLD ROSENTHAL. *Calder.* 15*s.*

Opera Annual No. 3. Edited by HAROLD ROSENTHAL. *Calder.* 21*s.*

Great Opera Houses. By SPIKE HUGHES. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 32*s.* 6*d.*

The Amazing Oscar Hammerstein. By VINCENT SHEEAN. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 25*s.*

Behind the Gold Curtain. By MARY ELLIS PELTZ. *Calder.* 25*s.*

A Pictorial Treasury of Opera in America. By DANIEL BLUM. *Calder.* 63*s.*

The Decca Book of Opera. By 36 authors. Foreword by E. KLEIBER. *Werner Laurie.* 40*s.*

Encyclopedia of the Opera. By DAVID EWEN. *Calder.* 50*s.*

The immense and increasing popularity of opera, both here and in America, is shown by a flood of books on the subject. Many are what Lamb called "Biblia a-biblia": works of reference, picture-books, documentation of one sort and another. But the opera-goer, still more the man who gets his opera through a loud-speaker, needs such help. Besides, as Shaw said, "There are people who will read about music and nothing else. To them dead prima donnas are more interesting than saints, and extinct tenors than mighty conquerors."

Some will even read about singers who are not yet extinct, and to such Mr. Rosenthal offers brief studies of 25 sopranos still in active eruption. These accounts are neither dry nor blankly factual, but contain the personal reactions of a knowledgeable enthusiast expressed in a somewhat personal style of syntax and punctuation. His richly illustrated volume is endearingly dedicated "To the Soprano Voice"; so we may look forward eventually, perhaps, to one dedicated "To the Bass Voice." Mr. Rosenthal's third *Opera Annual*, which specialises in Italian opera, strikes me as disappointing, partly because it is printed in very small type with very long lines, so that the more substantial articles—some of them none too bright in the first place—become a trial to the eye. Besides (if I may sling a pebble from our well-known Crystal Palace in Great Turnstile) there are far too many slips and misprints. Some can be detected; others are fair teasers. When the Editor talks about Covent Garden's Pamina as (my italics) "dressed in a *raising* creation with a bustle," one may guess that he meant "ravishing"; but what are we to make of the statement, in an article by Herr Rennert on "Opera—An Unrealistic Art-Form", that "Baroque opera . . . was the artistic *refutation* of the age of absolutism"? Perhaps the translator wrote "reflection"; but lots of the innocent young will swallow the strange remark as it stands, and later on dish it out in lecturettes to wide-eyed gramophone clubs. The best part of this *Annual* is the Appendices, which include full lists of the activities of the world's major opera-houses during the season of 1955-1956. The black-and-white photographs are good; the coloured plates, printed on absorbent paper, are strikingly hideous.

Mr. Spike Hughes has had the ingenious notion of taking us on a conducted tour of 20 famous opera houses, most of them Italian. This mixture of straight guide-book, travel diary and operatic history displays an enthusiasm for everything Italian equal to that of Stendhal, and a corresponding distaste for anything else: both the Paris opera houses, for instance, where one can often spend quite an enjoyable evening, are dismissed with derision. On the other hand, the Italian chapters, which constitute nearly three-quarters of the book, are full of mainly accurate information which it would be hard to find elsewhere; Mr. Hughes's accounts of the less famous theatres, such as those of Parma, Genoa and Catania, are particularly useful. He abounds in delightful odds and ends, such as the existence of a soprano at Genoa in 1840 called Marietta Spinach. Can it be true?

Mr. Vincent Sheean's hero, grandfather of the author of *Oklahoma*, was a dynamic German-American immigrant with two ruling passions: theatre-building and opera. He built thirteen theatres, all to his own plans, including the Stoll in Kingsway; and, after some abortive attempts, made operatic history in New York by his four remarkable seasons (1906-1910) at the Manhattan Opera House. He was a genial ruffian; a bumptious, boastful, highly picturesque figure who was never off the front pages of the newspapers; his passion for opera was accompanied by a decided flair for quality. With the help of Mary Garden, he made the then modern French repertory (*Louise, Pelléas, Thaïs, Jongleur de Notre Dame*) successful as never before or since outside France; both his repertory and his insistence on good ensemble administered a severe jolt to the then stodgy Metropolitan, which eventually bought him out of competition. Mr. Sheean's narrative did not arouse my interest until he reached the Manhattan episode; but he is both entertaining and reliable on all Hammerstein's operatic activities, which are none too easy to sort out elsewhere. For instance, *Grove* has no entry under either "Hammerstein" or "Manhattan Opera House"; merely a couple of sentences under "New York".

Behind the Gold Curtain is a slim potted history of the Metropolitan for those who own neither of the large standard works on the subject: Irving Kolodin's *Story of the Metropolitan Opera* (1953) and W. H. Seltsam's *Metropolitan Opera Annals* (1947). Mrs. Peltz, Publications Director of the Metropolitan Opera Guild for many years, carries her story through neatly, from 1883 to 1950, with the help of many illustrations. But of all these books the most fascinating, to me, is Mr. Daniel Blum's *Pictorial Treasury of Opera in America*, which shows all the greatest singers of the last hundred years in character, arranged under operas, so that we can relish the astounding procession of styles and fashions, appurtenances and pose, from Patti to Patricia Neway. If the price seems high, there are 320 large pages and over 1,500 photographs; much fun and some beauty. When a reprint is called for, I hope that some curious attributions will be corrected or, at least, investigated. Fremstad's Sieglinde is captioned as Kundry, one of Rethberg's Czech roles as the Adina of *L'elisir d'amore*, Sembrich's Rosina as Carmen. Nor do I believe that Calvé ever sang Desdemona, though I am not so sure what part this well-known photograph actually represents; perhaps Juliette?

Decca, in conjunction with Werner Laurie, have produced a handsome and physically weighty tome, consisting mainly of the plots of 164 operas told (with brief introductions on the composers) by highly competent, and in some instances truly authoritative, contributors. We begin with short biographies of Decca artists by our indispensable remembrancer, Mr. Rosenthal, and end with a discography of records issued by the Decca group. The book is thus a modern equivalent of the dear old HMV *Opera at Home*, on which many of us were brought up: of course, far better written than that unpretentious, cosy and sometimes comical house publication. (There used to be a solitary paragraph, in the account of *La Fanciulla del West*, which read: "We are sorry to say that Minnie cheats.") Since *Opera at Home* is now defunct, the principal competitor of the *Decca Book* is the 1954 revision of *Kobbé*—which, at ten shillings more, is rather more of a patch-work, but far longer and more comprehensive, with a liberal amount of music type. Decca offers plenty of photographic illustrations and some murky line drawings of opera houses.

Lastly, an American *Encyclopedia* which has been rather roughly handled by some English reviewers, but which I have found both useful and entertaining. Certainly Mr. Ewen makes some howlers, such as the inclusion of the non-existent *Midas* (as in *Grove*!) among Richard Strauss's operas (it was only a provisional title for *Die Liebe der Danae*); but he is agreeably careful about spellings and accents, and his book is especi-

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ally valuable for its long and well-informed entries on many important singers and one or two minor composers who are not to be found even in *Grove*. Space has been wasted by the inclusion of hundreds of titles of excerpts from operas, many of which will never be used. Someone might just conceivably look up Brünnhilde's battle-cry under "Ho-Jo-To-Ho!"; but surely not Siegfried's Forging Song (in any case wrongly described as his "narrative") under "Ho-Ho! Schmiede, mein Hammer"; still less "Ho! He! Ho" *tout court*, which turns out to be a sailors' chorus from *La Gioconda*. Still, with all its oddities, this is a jolly bran-tub of a book, which often comes to our rescue just where the more solemn encyclopedias let us down.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

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The Haven-Finding Art. By E. R. G. TAYLOR. *Hollis & Carter.* 30*s.*

Around the World in Wanderer III. By ERIC C. HISCOCK. *Oxford.* 25*s.*

Sailing Through England. By JOHN SEYMOUR. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s*

We Who Adventure. By L. B. WINTER. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

Navigators are the metaphysical poets of sailing: to their personal problems of position and direction they apply the sun and the stars, the grounds of the sea and the relationship between different sorts of time. Miss Taylor is a professor of geography who seldom goes to sea, but she is deeply versed in navigation. *The Haven-Finding Art* is a history of it from the Phoenicians to Captain Cook. The earliest sailors may have been coasters; the first we read about were not. Sailors can least of all afford to be silly. For a sailing-boat entering the Channel in heavy weather the rule still runs: "Ushant must not be sighted." From the first dead reckoning was used at sea, and the swinging lead armed with grease to show the depth and nature of the bottom. Though Cynosura soon became the cynosure, Polaris in Homer's day was unhonoured, for he swung twelve degrees away from the pole. Among the fascinating minutiae of this book are that Noah's land-sighting ravens were a commonplace of early navigation, that medieval helm-directions were chanted "in a sweet tune," that the log and line is the only authentically English navigational instrument (until radar, one supposes), and that shore-profiles and tidal information began to displace illuminated wind-roses on charts of the sixteenth century. Anyone who has ever sailed a compass-course to recognise a landfall will enjoy this well-written, close-packed and intelligently illustrated book. Its full, and I believe heavenly delight is reserved for those who can follow the development of navigational mathematics and instruments, with which many of its pages are properly concerned.

The Hiscocks would be surprised to be called poets. Middle-aged, middle-class, middlebrow (they took 150 books with them but never mention a title) they are moderate in all things except in the grandeur of their 32,000-mile circumnavigation and the care they took to achieve it properly. There are tremendous adventures in *Around the World in Wanderer III* but they happened to other people. The Hiscocks did indeed spend 55 hours under bare poles: "she then lay with wind and sea abeam, and the slick she left to windward robbed the advancing seas of their menace." When they were caught in an 80 m.p.h. squall, "I dared not attempt to hand the sail for I knew that the moment I started sheet or halyard the sail would flap and there would be the end of it." So *Wanderer III* moved faster than ever before and "carried lee-helm, which is a thing she never does in normal circumstances." To sail so many violent oceans and roaring rips of tide in shoal water, to make 153 new landfalls, all perfect, with nothing worse than the discomfort of heavy weather and a shaving taken off the rudder by a sword-fish is something so fully English that the homecoming to Yarmouth I.O.W. brought tears to my eyes. Mr. Hiscock is a professional writer of seaman's prose in lineal descent from the Elizabethan vernacular style. He is surprised that everyone likes himself and his wife and *Wanderer III* so much. But what could be more likeable, or closer to poetry, than the ordinary raised to its highest power?

Mr. Seymour is wonderfully unlike the Hiscocks. His frontispiece shows him sailing close-hauled with leeboard up, lee-runner hauled hard, fender outboard and stays'l slack at the luff. He sails rough, writes rough, and likes extraordinary people. Those who go to sea for an annual emigration from the English class-system will at once take to this egoistical, blokish, publub man with his fascinated loathing for industrial civilisation. He is (but I don't think he knows it) a Chestertonian distributist. Believing that most Englishmen dislike their work and don't much enjoy their play, he pleads well for the revival of the patches of enjoyable work he found in his voyages through England, especially for inshore fishing, water transport and gypsies. Enjoyment is difficult to assess. What can't be gainsaid is the difference in quality of the speech, songs and artifacts of living men (all very nicely demonstrated in this book) and passive pleasures that are mass-produced and mass-enjoyed. G. K. C. would have called this a moral difference, and perhaps Mr. Seymour would agree. The voyages themselves on Nene, the two Ouses, the Roaring Trent and from Leeds to Liverpool are fascinating in their beauty, ugliness and availability for anyone who can come by a motor-boat.

With Dr. Winter one is safe from any thought except about yachting, though he once had an eccentric aboard who had paid a shilling in coppers for a programme at Covent Garden. Contemptuous of other people's gadgets he is pompous about his canvas water-bucket, enormous scarves, peak-downhaul, gaff-crutch, and hand-dynamo which also started his motor-car. He writes of cruises from Littlehampton northabout to the Western Isles and Tarbert, and from there to the Orkneys. Really there wasn't enough in them to make a book about, though they were boldly and competently conducted and, between the padding, nicely told.

ANDREW WORDSWORTH

That England

The Great Tudors. Edited by KATHARINE GARVIN. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

Elizabethan Quintet. By DENIS MEADOWS. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

Four Worthies. By WALLACE NOTESTEIN. *Cape.* 18*s.*

English People in the Eighteenth Century. By DOROTHY MARSHALL. *Longmans.* 30*s.*

One of the casualties of the Industrial Revolution was John Bull. His sanguine, robust, and eccentric figure scarcely survived the Railway Era; and his modern counterpart, urban rather than rustic, was Billy Brown of London Town. Today, only God and Gilbert Harding can probably trace his whereabouts; but his origins stretch further back than Rowlandson. He would have been at home, indeed, in any age before English society was industrialised. For this reason, the neat "periods" and "centuries" of the political historian are less appropriate in social history: the ages of Henry VIII, Elizabeth, the Stuarts, and the Georges, have more in common between them than any of them has with our own. Their differences, as these books emphasise, are chiefly differences of style.

The Great Tudors is a re-issue of nineteen of the forty essays that the book contained when it was first published in 1935. Its contributors include several scholars, such as Archbishop David Mathew and Dr. Christopher Morris, who have since made their names more widely known. Dr. Morris's contribution, on Richard Hooker, is

notably worthy of preservation. For the most part, however, the authors belong to an older generation—that of A. F. Pollard, R. W. Chambers, G. B. Harrison, Conyers Read, J. Dover Wilson, and Alfred Noyes. Since they wrote, as their editor admits in her Introduction, times have greatly changed—not so much as to invalidate their findings, but to register certain shifts of emphasis, away from grand generalisations and towards more personal detail from history's grass roots. It's perhaps significant that the Introduction twice mentions the cardinal work of Dr. G. R. Elton, biographer of Thomas Cromwell, but fails, in my view, to give it adequate weight. The new selection retains, moreover, a few essays like that by Hilaire Belloc, on William Cecil, which owe more to their authors' fame than to their scholarship. But as an anthology, *The Great Tudors* is still enjoyable as well as illuminating; and its picture of a *louche*, idealistic, calculating, and glorious age is still valid, although incomplete.

Mr. Meadows, more modern at least in idiom, casts some popular sidelights on the established picture. Two of his quintet are familiar to the history books—Sir Francis Walsingham, Elizabeth's Principal Secretary, and Fr. Robert Persons, the Jesuit secret agent. The remainder, more fun and in some ways more revealing, are Dr. John Dee, the Queen's astrologer with his gazing table and his weakness for plausible mediums; Mary Frith, "a very tomrig or humpscuttle," the Roaring Girl of Dekker's play, who queened it, in doublet and hose, over London's underworld; and Sir John Harington, wit and poetaster, now chiefly remembered for the lines

Treason doth never prosper—What's the reason?
If it doth prosper, none dare call it treason—

and for introducing the flushing closet to Elizabethan England. In this last essay, Mr. Meadows romps along in the footsteps of Lytton Strachey: but elsewhere, especially in his first two sketches, he toes the orthodox line of Catholic historiography. To do him justice, he tries hard to be fair to Walsingham, and succeeds as well as a religious opponent can. On Persons, however, he allows his sympathies full rein in an attempt to redress the adverse Protestant verdict: the result is a *Boy's Own Paper* adventure story in rather crude black-and-white. Those who can discount such prejudice, however, will find *Elizabethan Quintet* a lively and amusing skirmish with some of the day-to-day issues of its time. Like all *faits-divers*, it helps to diversify and particularise the solemnities of more conventional reportage.

The same is true of Professor Notestein's *Four Worthies*—but in this case the *faits-divers* are more sober and more reliable. They extend from the political correspondence of John Chamberlain, describing Elizabetho-Jacobean London, through the dynastic disputes of Lady Anne Clifford, as far as the "zeal and sufferings" of Oliver Heywood, the seventeenth-century Nonconformist minister. Already, in fact, a change of style is becoming apparent: doublet and hose are giving way to coat and breeches and clerical bands. Nevertheless, another of the worthies strikes still a noisy and raffish note. This is John Taylor, former Elizabethan waterman turned poet after the shift in theatre-going, from the south to the north side of the Thames, had helped to ruin the water-traffic. Taylor's verse, liberally quoted in an uproarious and revealing essay, had only one virtue: it usually rhymed. James I, with diplomatic ambiguity, told Ben Jonson that he had "never seen any verses in England like to the sculler's"—"a statement," adds Professor Notestein, "we may well believe." But his extensive travels, and his unremitting labours, won him understandable popularity and make his scribblings a mine of fascinating information. As an example, one of his comments on Leicester is significant. The streets, he said, were "so clean from dunghills, filth or soil that one could walk all over the town in low shoes."

The general conditions hinted at in this remark still persisted through much of the nineteenth century: but already, in the revealing illustrations to Dr. Marshall's book, as well as in her careful

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MICHAEL JOSEPH

and comprehensive text, one begins to notice the shape of things to come. One such is the "View of the Upper Works at Coalbrook Dale in the County of Salop, 1758"—an early irruption into rural England of the world of dark Satanic mills. The industrial revolution, indeed, was already well under way in the eighteenth century, bringing a new sense of time and a new conception of human personality, beginning to oust John Bull. The slow but decisive changes are well chronicled in *English People in the Eighteenth Century*—not a textbook, as its author is quick to point out, but an anatomy of English social structure in its interaction with other spheres of history. The story, of course, is not new: but Dr. Marshall's contribution is an accurate, detailed, and well-proportioned study of a field too often divided among the specialists. She is too faithful an historian to pick on a single "turning-point" where the old world became the new. "Perhaps," she says,

> what was happening can best be compared to a northern mountain stream, whose waters come from two separate sources and for a time flow side-by-side in the same bed. . . . The watcher on the bank can distinguish between the brown peat-impregnated water and the grey-green of the slate stream until, as the channel widens the waters mingle and take on a common hue. . . .

The conclusion is expressed with characteristic elegance: but the book makes clear enough the painful birth of modern England and the lingering death of John Bull.

RICHARD MAYNE

Two American Ladies

Clare Boothe Luce. By ALDEN HATCH. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

My Own Story. By MARGARET TRUMAN with MARGARET COUSINS. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 25*s.*

Trollope could not quite approve of Mrs. Hurtle, in *The Way We Live Now*: she had "shot a man through the head somewhere in Oregon," shot him from the most honourable of motives, of course, but still Trollope could only feel unhappy about it. It wasn't that Mrs. Hurtle was not a lady. She was; but she came from Oregon and claimed for herself a freedom beyond the English lady's. So, even though they don't shoot gentlemen through the head, do Henry James's American heroines. For freedom is something they are born to, a condition of their being. It makes Isobel Archer and Milly Theale different in kind almost from Diana Middleton. The national differences these heroines stand for remain. James the American stood in admiring awe of the American lady, and in this he was a good American male. Trollope, who knew a fact when he saw one, was terrified, and in this he was a good European.

Here are portraits of two of the most famous American ladies of our time. The response to Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce can, surely, only be one of awe. Clare, as her biographer always calls her, has everything: beauty, wealth, wit, talent, to say nothing of a husband who is head of the *Time-Life-Fortune* empire. She is also a deep thinker: Bishop Fulton Sheen, who received Clare into the Roman Church, has said: "Our discussions were a battle of wits on a very high philosophical plane . . . *I believe I got more out of that course of instruction than Clare did.*" The italics are Bishop Sheen's. She ought, one feels, to be a cardinal; she was, at any rate, American Ambassador to the Quirinal.

"There has been instituted," her biographer writes, "a considerable move to nominate Clare Luce for Vice-President on the Republican ticket in 1956. What will come of that nobody knows." We know now, and we can see that Mr. Hatch was playing for safety: though there was no campaign for Clare, he has produced the perfect campaign biography. Clare can do no wrong: "When she acts like a woman, she's better than most women; and when she acts like a man, she's better than most men." The testimony is the more impressive because it comes from Senator Symington, a Democrat "who has fought Clare's ideas from hell to breakfast."

I don't know what Trollope would have thought of Mrs. Luce, but I am sure that both he and James would have felt more at home with Miss Truman. American ladies are in the habit of referring to one another as "gals." Miss Truman appears in her autobiography as the quintessential American gal. If she writes with alarming verbosity—what part, one wonders, could Miss Cousins possibly have played in the writing of this book?—she also writes with a most engaging modesty. She is quite unspoiled by the publicity that was hers after her father's election to the Presidency. She has met everyone and loves everyone, except Swedish newspaper reporters. Earl Attlee is "a dear—witty and brilliant . . . He told Jane and me a string of funny jokes and stories and had us in stitches." When she had tea at Lambeth with the Archbishop, Dr. Fisher "had a demoniac twinkle in his eye." Of Sir Anthony Eden, "it does not surprise me that so many ladies were mad about him. He has the kindest eyes I ever saw."

My Own Story could scarcely be more naive, but for anyone who wants to get the feel of American life it is very much worth reading. For all the time in Miss Truman's pages, behind the White House is Independence, Missouri, the Trumans' home-town. Artlessly, and with love, Miss Truman evokes American small-town life as its contented citizens see it themselves. Its values are her values, as, indeed, they are her father's. And if, as I think, the United States cannot be understood without an understanding of that remarkable man ("Harry I can forgive, because he never knew any better," a Republican Lady once said to me, "but F. D. R. I will never forgive"), then certainly understanding will be furthered by a reading of his daughter's autobiography.

WALTER ALLEN

Strong and Strange

The Penguin Book of Spanish Verse. Edited by J. M. COHEN. *Penguin Books.* 5*s.*

Everyone who has come in contact with Spain will agree that there is something peculiar and disturbing about that country. This is due to an African influence, say some, to an Arabic or Berber influence, say others, or else it is simply a reflection of the geography and landscape with their abrupt contrasts of flat plain and jagged mountains, their fierce climate and irregular rainfall. But a very brief acquaintance will show that, within a general family resemblance, there are deep differences between the various regions. Take, for example, the local arts of folk music and dancing. These vary in every province, but the general pattern shows two strongly contrasted zones: the first along the northern edge of the country, from Galicia to Catalonia, where one finds ordinary types of folk dance based on European music and the other in Andalusia, where one gets a freer and more dramatic type of dance, based on music that has a different and un-European tonal character. In between these, in the two Castiles, Aragon and Valencia, the dances and tunes have a mixed character, the powerful Andalusian style driving northwards and adapting itself to a new environment, much as Negro music has done in the United States and in Europe. Thus while we see the whole of Central and Southern Spain deriving its language from a small district north of Burgos, we find a little later a movement in the opposite direction fanning out from Seville and carrying with it the popular arts of the South.

Now poetry springs in the first instance from folk-song with its accompanying dance and tune and in Spain we can see this happening, though usually against the background of a foreign influence to give the native versifier confidence. At first it was the regional schools of the north which asserted themselves. Galicia provided

a lyrical style which spreads eastwards, the *cantar de gesta* developed among the cowboys and frontiersmen of Old Castile and gave birth to the *romances* or ballads, while the *villancico*, with its more or less independent theme-verse, which can be traced back through Arabic imitations to the ninth century, drifted northwards with the *mozarabs* or Arabised Christians and became the popular form of Castilian lyric. In the learned poets these various styles were brought together and developed, at first with the help of a rather stiff French framework, till in 1543 Renaissance poetry was suddenly and dramatically introduced from Italy by Garcilaso de la Vega. This brought with it the artificial themes of classical mythology and the pastoral and, much more important, the hendecasyllable, which for the first time gave Spanish poets that aural range—equivalent to a third dimension in painting—which allowed all the resources of the language to be exploited. Góngora's poetry, in which all these different elements are fused together, is thus the very self-conscious consummation of a lengthy development. It also marks the coming to the front of Andalusia, whose native popular song, which was so vigorous in the eleventh century, had failed to grow into a learned poetry because the literary language was Arabic. The seventeenth, which is the age of Baroque, is in all the arts except the theatre and the novel an Andalusian century.

Spanish poetry faded out after 1660 and does not claim our interest again before the 1860s. Then came Bécquer, a Sevillian who died young. His bare, poignant idiom and his use of assonance instead of rhyme, both of which he took from Andalusian popular verse, put an end to the rhetoric of the Romantics. A generation later a second Golden Age opened, most of it the work of Andalusians, and it is not true that it was brought to an end by the Civil War.

How is it that whereas Spanish painting, music, dancing and prose literature have all made their mark on the world, Spanish poetry, which is the country's greatest artistic achievement, is virtually unknown? In this century, for example, it has been much greater than French. Those who make the effort to read it will find that it has valuable things to offer. One is a certain harshness and strangeness, corresponding perhaps to the different intervals of its music. Another is the great rhythmic and musical vitality which has come down from the past and for lack of which much modern English poetry seems thin and anæmic. This may be connected with the fact that it would scarcely occur to a Spanish poet to renew his verse from an attendance to speech rhythms. Poetry for him has its own idiom, lives within its own boundaries and is immune from the influence of prose. But then there have been no critics to teach him that the value of a poem depends upon the complexity of its cerebral elements.

In this *Penguin* Mr. Cohen has produced an anthology which will be very useful to people who wish to read Spanish poetry, yet I am bound to say that in my opinion it suffers from an initial error of judgment. Surely in a volume that seeks to attract readers to a more or less unfamiliar subject the emphasis should have been laid on the work of the most important poets, and after that on such poems by lesser figures as come through vividly. Why then, one asks, are so few pages given to the Archpriest of Hita? He is one of the greatest and most original of Spanish poets and he is badly represented in the two principal anthologies because their editors had a Victorian attitude to bawdiness. And why too has San Juan de la Cruz's *Cántico Espiritual*, which is one of the most beautiful lyrics in the world, been omitted and a second-rate poem given in its place? In exchange one could well do without the long *Epistola moral a Fabio* and some of the rather monotonous minor poetry.

In the hundred pages devoted to modern poetry there are signs of serious overcrowding, but unless the South Americans had been omitted I do not see how this could have been avoided. Yet surely Antonio Machado deserves more space than he has been given because, as most people would

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agree today, he is a major poet ranking with García Lorca. I think too that if Luis Cernuda had been represented by *Las Ruinas* or *El Aguila* the reader would have seen he was capable of writing some of the greatest poetry of this age.

GERALD BRENAN

Readers' Digests

The Bedside Guardian: 5. Introduced by IVOR BROWN. *Collins*. 13*s*. 6*d*.

Spectrum: A Spectator Miscellany. Edited by IAN GILMOUR AND IAIN HAMILTON. *Longmans*. 16*s*.

Time and Tide Anthology. Edited by ANTHONY LEJEUNE. *Deutsch*. 21*s*.

There are, I suggest, two criteria of judgment to bring to bear on these anthologies. First, how much of each really does bear reprinting? After all, most of what is written for the weekly, as well as for the daily press, is, and indeed should be, ephemeral. The brighter the glare with which it surrounds today's events so as to set us reacting vigorously to it, the more likely it is that this light will appear a shade garish the day after tomorrow. The journalist, even that creature of self-contradiction, the weekly journalist, aims only at the moment; it is a lucky accident—and may even be a sign of poor marksmanship—if he hits the posterity of even only one year.

There are niches and corners, of course, in which the more permanent is given its vestigial place. Verse (and even poetry sometimes), measured like sticking-plaster by the inch, usefully fills up a gap. Or a report of some incident may ferment in itself enough passion or wit to preserve it for a month or two. But—and this brings us to the second criterion of judgment—all "serious journals" publish such pieces; and what presumably one ideally hopes for from a *Bedside Guardian* is the bottled essence of pure Guardianism, just as *Spectrum* should distil for us an attar of Spectatorship, and the less fancifully titled *Time and Tide Anthology* should uncover a dish of Rhondda in aspic.

But as I have implied, these selections do not and perhaps cannot by their nature represent their origin. The cultural snippets and essayist's jottings from which they are largely made up do not reveal the idiosyncrasies of their begetters. Interchange dust-covers and bindings, and one would find some difficulty in telling them apart. Under which aegis, for instance, would you expect to find a dazzling review of Kipling by Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge? A slashing attack on the police for their handling of the Montagu case? A revealing account by a student of what it is like to work as a dustman? An admirable poem by Mr. Auden? And if you could place at once a critique of a concert which reads like the account of a cricket-match, where would you put an account of a cricket-match which reads like the critique of a ballet? One or other of them gets the scoop—for there are lots of gems in each of these volumes—but it seems a mere accident which gets which.

Am I impertinently suggesting that there is nothing to choose between *Guardian*, *Spectator* and *Time and Tide*? No; and this is the very odd thing. The anthology selections make them seem extraordinarily alike. They display for us a quite undifferentiated level of that liberal, intelligent, cultivated view of life which can smile wittily at any iniquity, produce the apt quotation for any eventuality, turn the neatest of phrases in the face of every minor crisis. On the basis of these volumes one might generalise interestingly on the virtues and (especially) the vices of the English intellectual at play. What is surprising is that with the selection so similar, the attitudes so alike, the names even overlapping, yet all the same the journals as journals could hardly be more different. That mysterious activity "good editing" can, in the actual papers, combine elements which are evidently not so different in themselves into absolutely distinct and very distinguishable entities.

To choose between the anthologies then will most likely be an act of political, or literary-political allegiance. If you are thinking of sending one as a present, you will be wisest to contact the recipient's newsagent and ask him to pick. But from the superior heights of these columns which can affect a lofty indifference to all three originators, I would suggest that *Time and Tide Anthology* has the edge on the others, simply because it has the longest range. Where the other two draw on a mere year or two's output, it covers the ground back to the Twenties, and if that has made the editors' task a groaning one, it multiplies the reader's pleasure. Shaw, Virginia Woolf, D. H. Lawrence, Chesterton—any selection from the last two years is lighter by these names. The *Guardian* selection seems to me the slightest. But then I must dare a confession: that particular brand of levity which the *Guardian* tradition has long sanctified—as it were of the older culture matily drinking its pint with up-to-date Everyman—has never appealed to me. But those to whom it has will find plenty of it here. Personally I prefer—though only as a change and on the short view, understand—the new knockabout to which the *Spectator* has given houseroom for the last year or two. Here the new culture blows the froth of the top at the stuffy old photographs on the walls, shoves down its new editions on the unwiped counter, and stubs out its cigarette ends on the sacred names. We all at times enjoy a bout of destruction—witness the china-breaking booths at fairs. In *Spectrum* we are reminded of an agreeable orgy or two.

RICHARD LISTER

Detection

Dead Man's Folly. By AGATHA CHRISTIE. *Collins*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The Man in the Net. By PATRICK QUENTIN. *Gollancz*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Three Witnesses. By REX STOUT. *Collins*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

My Friend Maigret. By GEORGES SIMENON. *Hamish Hamilton*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Murder Moves In. By ELIZABETH FERRARS. *Collins*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

A Rose from the Dead. By PAUL ERNST. *Cassell*. 10*s*. 6*d*.

Twelve Horses and the Hangman's Noose. By GLADYS MITCHELL. *Michael Joseph*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

The China Roundabout. By JOSEPHINE BELL. *Hodder & Stoughton*. 12*s*. 6*d*.

Christmas with Poirot this year will be no Christian feast. Harsh critics have long thundered at Mrs. Christie for being unscrupulous; just because she composed her own rules for detective combat with her readers. More generous admirers were prepared to forgive her, as long as she played fair by that recognised code. But it needs a bold man to condone *Dead Man's Folly*, in which she invents new rules for the game as she goes along—and thoroughly absurd ones at that. Poirot attends a village fete in Devonshire, where a lady novelist has concocted a special Murder Hunt for him to referee, with disastrous consequences. "It is a very wicked world" remarks the ex-lady of the manor, as the bodies accumulate. But the extent of wickedness that Mrs. Christie expects us to swallow is out of this world altogether. Besides, what has happened to Poirot? Before his next appearance he would be wise to swap that heavy moustache of his for a useful pair of National Health Service spectacles: his eyesight is going.

The Man in the Net can be recommended to child-lovers. The hero, when forced to roam the New England countryside as a suspected murderer, relies upon his friends among the tiny tots and the teen-agers for rescue and rehabili-

tation. There are ugly scenes, excellent characters, prolonged suspense and a surprise solution; yet somehow, with all those children around, the plot disintegrates into a glorified nursery game. Patrick Quentin is always extremely readable, but most of us may prefer him in more adult mood.

Mr. Rex Stout is a most astute practitioner of detection, packaging his goods to meet the customers' demands. The contrast between Archie Goodwin's restless energy and the fat lethargy of Nero Wolfe, whatever its original merits, no longer evokes satisfactory reader response; and Mr. Stout has judiciously curtailed their several antics in *Three Witnesses*. The three stories in this book are good detective value with a minimum of frills (although the first item never taxes the reader's ingenuity, it is so obvious). In the speeding-up process, however, Wolfe has to cut some sharp corners with his deductive hunches and poor Archie Goodwin is never allowed a single pretty girl to play with.

The setting for the Simenon is the Mediterranean island of Porquerolles, whither Maigret is summoned because a fisherman talked of "*My Friend Maigret*" the night before he was murdered. The hot sunshine and *café* life, the lazy natives and the eccentric visitors in their yachts and villas, are conjured up with remarkable resemblance to reality. This is Simenon at his triumphant best. Maigret solves the case as usual by soaking in his surroundings through his pores; but is naturally somewhat at a loss to explain how it is done to a comic Mr. Pyke from Scotland Yard, who stands at his elbow day and night studying his methods.

Murder Moves In will only appeal to those who can muster emotional sympathy for a plucky little wife whose husband is circumstantially hooked up with murder. The plot is as so-so as they come. Why should a man be struck dead in his armchair with a hatchet while holding the wrong sort of book in his lap? Because the authoress is obliged to complicate proceedings artificially to prevent one guessing who did the deed straight away. Even so Miss Ferrars is too scrupulous with her character-drawing to lead the reader astray for long. She cannot mask a true villain to save her life.

Mr. Ernst assassinates a *louche* character on an island off the coast of Florida. What is the motive? A faded rose petal is found tucked away in the victim's bureau—and he hated roses. That is the sole clue in *A Rose from the Dead*, but if you can't work it out for yourself Bill and Shirley will pull out a neat solution for you from under a smother of police, gangsters and wisecracks.

Miss Gladys Mitchell deserves a hall of fame to herself. Her books start out like models of clarity and decorum, with Eng. Lit. extracts at the head of every chapter to inspire confidence. Then Dame Beatrice Lestrange Bradley pokes her reptilian head in, the buttons begin to fly, and long before the impossible solution is broached the average reader sinks submerged in darkness and despair. *Twelve Horses and the Hangman's Noose* follows the pattern. A man is apparently kicked to death by a horse, and local stables are investigated to find a likely culprit. In no time at all Dame Beatrice delivers a speech at a Grammar School where another body is lying hidden; a girl is abducted; gypsies, schoolmasters and smugglers mill around: and the whole bag of tricks is dedicated to a lady in the United States with a touching quotation from Homer. A splendid flight of fancy and I can only hope the American lady knows the explanation.

For old times' sake Miss Bell deserves mention, although *The China Roundabout* cannot rank higher than a conventional thriller. All the shady characters in pursuit of this mysterious treasure of the maharajahs are immensely visible the moment they appear on the scene. Miss Bell does her best to lay about her in this world of undisguised violence and malignity, and calls in David Wintringham to lend a hand, but she would do well to return hot foot to the haven of detection.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

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WINGATE

Round-up

Theatre

To Rockliff's series of short and excellently illustrated theatrical monographs (15s. each), in which earlier this year there appeared Eric Keown's *Dame Peggy Ashcroft*, have been added a *Paul Schofield* by J. C. Trewin and a *Margaret Rutherford*, also by Eric Keown. From Rockliff, too, comes a critical review, *Contemporary Theatre 1953-1956* by Audrey Williamson (25s.), who supplied a persuasive *Paul Rogers* to the monographs. She is a lenient but not a gushing critic, and she covers ground in the provinces as well as in London, taking (rightly) particular interest in Bristol and Birmingham; these three years as she recalls them seem far from bad. Another record, this time of a single year 1955-1956, comes in Ivor Brown's second volume of *Theatre* (Reinhardt, 21s.). Mr. Brown's characteristically generous and, when the occasion seems to him to demand it, no less characteristically sharp, running commentary is supplemented by full cast-lists of all London and Stratford productions, summaries of the principal repertory productions and four pungent general articles by leading theatre personalities. Mr. Eric Bentley's collection of criticism of the American theatre for the years 1952-1954 deals with material which is now just reaching us. For a tough, intelligent, highbrow view of Miller, Tennessee Williams, Kazan, the American musical, try his *The Dramatic Event* (Dobson, 21s.). *The International Theatre Annual* (Calder, 21s.) tries, under Harold Hobson's editorship, to cover the whole ground, to place us in the larger setting. Reports and pictures from far and wide make a good beginning for a publication that has not yet had time to find its shape. A little belatedly, but told with a nice personal touch, comes Basil Dean's own account of E.N.S.A., *The Theatre at War* (Harrap, 36s.). And then—welcome sign of a necessary *rapprochement!*—the current *London Magazine* is angled to the theatre: highly interesting articles from John Whiting, Derek Granger, Angus Wilson, J. W. Lambert. Other magazines please copy.

Finally, among the plays recently published: *The Quare Fellow*, Brendan Behan's prison play; *The Lizard on the Rock*, a play as yet unperformed here, written by an Arts Council prize-winner, John Hall, of whom I guess we shall hear more (both from Methuen, 10s. 6d.): and four plays by Tennessee Williams, *The Glass Menagerie*, *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *Summer and Smoke*, *Camino Real* (all in one volume, Secker & Warburg, 25s.).

T. C. W.

Interesting Anthropoids

"If this book should fall into the hands of any philosopher of the strict logical empiricist school I am fairly sure that they will write most of it off as nonsense, though it might perhaps provide them with some material for the study of the linguistic habits of those interesting anthropoids, the theologians." So Dr. E. L. Mascall prefaces his *Via Media: an Essay in Theological Synthesis* (Longmans, 12s. 6d.). His book is an attempt to clarify the problems raised by the Creation, the Trinity, the Incarnation and the doctrine of grace in the light of Catholic teaching. He steers an urbane, Anglican course through the tangles of Nicæa and Chalcedon; it is good to know that Archbishop Temple's Christology "seems to have been a good deal more traditional than either he or most of his contemporaries were aware." Other notable anthropoids of the season include Fr. Bernard Leeming, S.J., whose *Principles of Sacramental Theology* (Longmans, 30s.) provides a lucid and magisterial survey of the subject from the Roman standpoint, and Mr. Frederick Greeves, Principal of Didsbury College, Bristol, who "seeks to relate Biblical pronouncements to the findings of philosophy and psychology" in *The Meaning of Sin* (Epworth Press, 21s.). Miss Mary Ellen Chase expounds the Hebrew world-picture with homely but pithy scholarship in her *Life and Language of the Old Testament* (Collins, 10s. 6d.), while those interested in the more stirring chapters of ecclesiastical history might be recommended to try Edna Kenton's *Black Gown and Redskins* (Longmans, 25s.), a record of the adventures of the Jesuit missionaries among the North American Indians, culled from the Society's archives. Sgr. Nazareno Padellaro's *Portrait of Pius XII* (Dent, 25s.), though an "inspired" portrait, intended mainly for consumption by the faithful, is far the best journalistic attempt that has yet been published in English. Those versed in the *arcana* of contemporary religion will be interested in the *Notebooks of Simone Weil*, translated by Arthur Wills (Routledge, 56s. the set).

J. R.

Mountaineering

Charles Evans's own experiences, brought in to illustrate approach, mood and technique, make his *On Climbing* (Museum Press, 30s.) the most readable modern manual on the theory and practice of the subject, from the first steps on rock to manœuvres with pitons and *étriers*. His own line drawings, and a very fine selection of action photographs, also make it one of the clearest. Early prints and drawings get Ronald Clark's *Picture-History of Mountaineering* (Hulton Press, 30s.) off to a most entertaining start, and he has gone far for his photographs of climbers—veiled, whiskered, puttee'd, sneakered, oxygen-masked—and of the mountains they fancy, from Harrison Rocks to Everest. For his *Six Great Mountaineers* (Hamish Hamilton, 10s. 6d.) Mr. Clark has again tapped some unfamiliar sources, and his choice—Whymper, Mummery, Collie, Mallory, Winthrop Young and Hunt—allows him to illustrate a variety of approach and achievement.

J. A. S.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Gothic Sphinx

THE Gothic cathedral, still ascendant in the skyline, still hushed for the liturgy, an image of the utmost familiarity, pictured incessantly, speaks a language which not a living soul understands. One might go further and say that true comprehension of the nature of Gothic only existed in an indeterminate period during and after the century which saw the first completely Gothic buildings built. Thereafter, the style underwent a declension, phase by phase, during which generalisation and mannered re-statement gradually obscured the original vision. How much did the masons of Gloucester quite understand and feel of the motives of the builders of the nave at Westminster, how much the builders of Westminster the motives of their precursors at Canterbury, Sens and S. Denis?

The "Gothic problem" roots itself in the twelfth century, where it must be solved if it is to be solved at all. The intuitions of the scholar and the architect are drawn, severally and jointly, to the mystery of those earliest Gothic monuments and from time to time theories are put forward which try to establish communication between the modern and the medieval mind where these buildings are concerned. Such theories partake, in their inception, of the character of the ages which invent them. Viollet-le-Duc was able to satisfy his generation, in the Sixties and Seventies, that Gothic was above all a rational style—rational in the sense enjoyed by people who were just learning to construct in iron and glass. We, on the contrary, obsessed by the promise of psychological discoveries, desire to re-discover Gothic forms as embodiments of the collective mind of their age, its faith and philosophy. We are probably no wiser in our generation than Viollet-le-Duc in his. But just as his application of a rational criterion did explain much that was obscure and demonstrate much that we can accept, so our own inquiries can hope to yield useful approximations and, for our successors, a residue of truth. No age can become seized of the soul of another; communication between epoch and epoch can only be by diagram.

There are three main approaches to the Gothic problem. There is the archæologist's approach, by way of documentation and chronology. There is the art-historian's approach by way of the comparative study of forms and their sources. And there is the approach of the architect who may "think himself into" the forms of a building and go some little way towards reconstructing the state of mind appropriate to such a building. None of the three approaches can succeed lacking alliance with the other two. In recent years we have had examples of all three. Hans Sedlmayer in his *Die Entstehung der Kathedrale* (1950) produced a most impressive speculative interpretation based on the idea of the canopy (*baldachin*) as the essential, all-controlling theme. For him the Gothic cathedral resolves itself into a system of canopies and screen-walls, the aim being to create a paradisiac illusion. The interpretation has the merit of making sense of much in Gothic architecture which would otherwise seem incomprehensibly involved and arbitrary —for example, those interminable banded shafts which stream up to the vaults of twelfth- and thirteenth-century French cathedrals and which in nineteenth-century imitations always look like drain-pipes (I knew one London church, lost in the Blitz, where at least one of the shafts *was* a drain-pipe; the verger took great pride in showing it). Either these shafts are to be supposed reed-like stems sustaining aerial canopies or they are clumsy nonsense.

Against a theory of this kind must be set the uncomfortable fact that there is hardly anything in medieval documents to confirm it. Sedlmayer did, to be sure, find that *ciborium* was the word sometimes used by medieval writers for a "bay" or vaulted unit, but that does not take us far.

Another approach to the problem is that adopted by Professor Panofsky in his Wimmer lecture, published in 1951 as *Gothic Architecture and Scholasticism*. This is the approach by analogy. Panofsky draws a remarkable picture of the High Gothic cathedral as the embodiment of *manfestatio*, evolving in an age when, and an area where, clarification had become a habit of thought. He gets very near to demonstrating an actual cause-and-effect relationship through the men of the Schools on the one hand and the highly trained, cultivated mason—virtually an architect of the grandest kind—on the other. Furthermore, he shows that from Carolingian times to the fourteenth century philosophy and architecture display a synchronous pattern of development, so that the changing shapes of thought may usefully be studied as a commentary on the changing shapes of buildings.

Professor von Simson, of Chicago, in his valuable new study of the subject* gives us neither a speculative theory of forms nor a perspective through analogy but explores more extensively than has hitherto been attempted the attitude towards æsthetics and building held by the men who were what one might call the artistic directors of the earliest Gothic cathedrals—men like Suger of S. Denis, Archbishop Henry of Sens and Bishop Geoffrey of Chartres. The two keywords in his thesis are *measure* and *light*. He shows that the association of music and architecture by the common use of certain approved ratios—a connection which lies at the root of Alberti's theory and Renaissance æsthetics generally—was expounded by Augustine, who held that music and architecture are sister arts, both being the children of *number*: that architecture mirrors eternal harmony just as music echoes it. Von Simson believes that the ecclesiastical builders of the twelfth century relied on Augustinian æsthetics, inferring that composition by number influenced medieval architecture as it influenced poetry and music.

The prevalence of philosophic beliefs in a given period does not necessarily condition its architectural forms; but von Simson, like Panofsky, brings the matter to a head by localising the influences in the royal domain of France and especially in the Cathedral School of Chartres. In such a restricted environment, it may reasonably be felt that no receptive mind could remain closed to what so much concerned the philosophers.

This is very interesting and highly relevant to our understanding of the intellectual climate in which the cathedral projects were conceived. But, faced with a photograph of one of these buildings, one is immediately assailed by doubt. Is the feeling for design by numbers really enshrined in these powerful architectural organisms with their constant suggestion of fantasy-making and of emotional rather than intellectual attitudes? Is it possible that the masons who first embraced the full freedom (and intrinsic ambiguity) of the pointed arch were men dedicated to the control of design by a ruthless geometrical discipline? It is difficult to believe. The most, surely, that can be maintained is that around 1140 two tendencies synchronised. First, the linear essence of Gothic (colonettes, rib-and-panel vaults and translucent screen-walls) was finally liberated from its Anglo-Norman matrix; and second, the somewhat dangerous freedom thus gained was controlled by a new use of geometry—geometry with a philosophical sanction. The liberation of Gothic from the Romanesque is an incontrovertible historic event; but as for geometrical control this can only rarely and tentatively be verified by inspection and is incapable of proof from documentary sources, however much we may try to read into Villard de Honnecourt.

That medieval masons worked by geometrical rules nobody is going to doubt for a moment. Indeed, it is only because we have been brought up in an age of Academy perspectives and fluffy BB pencils that the question arises in our minds. But it is another matter altogether to associate a corpus of traditional geometrical lore with a revival of interest, at a particular moment, in Platonism and the æsthetics of Augustine. In trying to do this Professor von Simson begins to get into deep water and his collaborator, Professor Levy, who contributes an appendix, goes in up to the neck. Professor Levy was attracted by the proportions of the south-west tower of Chartres and decided, independently, to investigate the possibility of recovering the geometrical system on which it was designed. Architecturally this was a curious decision, because the Chartres tower is not an isolated creation (Gothic buildings rarely are); it is one of a series, Brantôme being probably the first, most of which have greater clarity of design than the Chartres specimen. Personally, I would have no difficulty in believing that the Chartres designer changed his mind at least twice on the way up. Anyway, Professor Levy brings to bear on this tower a mathematician's searching mind and meticulous accuracy and does, in fact, obtain a result: he finds that the controlling figure is a "whorl" of octagons centred on the point of an opening near the top of the tower. But is this really an authentic find? The premises are so arbitrary, the procedure is so laboured and the result so patently inorganic (as well as incomplete) that one can praise the Professor's work only as a Pyrrhic victory on a not very well chosen battlefield.

* *The Gothic Cathedral*. By OTTO VON SIMSON. *Routledge*. 42*s*.

On the question of light, Professor von Simson is in a much stronger position to persuade us of an intimate connection between the philosopher-patron and the masons he directed. One can readily imagine a profitable discussion between clerics and artificers on such a subject, whereas a similar discussion on the use of approved ratios would involve a mutual terminological tolerance not altogether probable even in the enlightened atmosphere of Chartres. Light—the diaphanous wall-screen—is certainly of the essence of the Gothic cathedral and it can hardly be pure chance that the transparent cathedral arrives at the moment when, according to Professor von Simson, the medieval metaphysics of light was being developed from the writings of the obscure and protean Dionysius the Pseudo-Areopagite. To the scholastic, light was one of the twin attributes of beauty, the other being consonance of parts. Through the use of stained glass the cathedral was rendered luminous while still entirely enclosed from the outside world—a jewel-like intimation of the transcendental beauty of Paradise.

But the admission of light, while it limits form, does not control it; and the fact is that whichever way one looks at the Gothic problem there seems to be something missing. Look at it in the setting so brilliantly analysed here by Professor von Simson—the political and economic issues, the desire to create and sustain a myth, to attract pilgrims, to hallow the majesty of the French crown and to objectify philosophical concepts; all this enhances for us the historic meaning of the cathedral but scarcely helps to elucidate its structure and ornaments. Then look at it from the point of view of what we know of the craftsman. We find him operating an elaborate code of great technical difficulty, existing necessarily by virtue of a long tradition of experience in the quarry and at the banker; his inventions are all modified repetitions of something done before, elsewhere—his designs grow from the past, not from his environment. From these two points the lines of vision scarcely converge and never merge into any whole "explanation." If we must have one we must invent it for ourselves. Sedlmayer's theory of the *baldachin* structure as an illusionistic representation of Heaven is attractive, at least to the architectural eye. Professor von Simson is critical of it and is no doubt right in objecting that illusionism is Baroque, not medieval, and should not be introduced in this context. Nevertheless, Sedlmayer does succeed in making the actual structures meaningful, which von Simson does not, and if we concede that the *baldachin* idea was not "meant" to represent anything it is indubitably there. The seed of it, moreover, had been lurking in cathedral design for a very long time. It is the unspoken, undocumented idea round which everything else falls into place.

But how fatal to round off the picture! The cathedrals came into being as the result of a number of people attempting a number of different things, co-ordinating them within the expanding limits of their experience. The one thing they were not proposing to do was to make a gigantic museum specimen for the twentieth century to investigate and finally explain as "the Gothic cathedral." Perhaps we shall never wholly understand what they were about. But such is the perennial appeal of these extravagant buildings that nothing will stop us trying.

JOHN SUMMERSON

The Book Society's Non-Fiction Choice for December is

Borneo People by

the Rt. Hon. MALCOLM MACDONALD, P.C.

An exceptionally well-written and interesting book by the High Commissioner for the United Kingdom in India. When the author assumed his duties as Governor-General of Malaya and British Borneo in 1946, he determined to continue the tradition of personal rule as it had been interpreted by the Brooke family.
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JONATHAN CAPE

A Song of Innocence

I saw a child who danced with glee
To see a metal world at war,
She clapped her hands and tried to catch
A necklace made of towns of fire.

She skipped across a bridge of bones,
She dabbled in the bloodied stream,
Then wept because a butterfly
Had fallen in and it would drown.

She tripped into a dismal den—
A prison, dank with stench and slime—
Where brutish men held brutish men:
She knew no fear or shame.

She roamed about a scaly wood
Where fauns were thewed as minotaurs,
And nightingales had dragons' teeth—
She roamed in joy for hours.

Then saw I one draw near to her
Who said he loved her golden hair
And stroked it down with whispered love—
The child cried out in mortal fear.

For many things men do in love
In hate they also do,
And love-in-hate and hate-in-love
Deep down in her she knew.

And when again he spoke of love
Again she cried in fear,
No harm she knew but in that word—
All hurt and harm were there.

EWART MILNE

Death Leading Fame

As It Was and **World Without End.** By HELEN THOMAS. *Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

These two remarkable books, which Helen Thomas wrote about her courtship and marriage with the poet Edward Thomas in the early years of her widowhood, have been out of print for some time. I have the impression that though interest in Thomas has not increased in any sensational way during the last two decades, his poetry has done rather more than withstand the heavy slump that most of his Georgian contemporaries have suffered during the same period; it may, in fact, be settling into that permanent place in the English poetry of our time, not equal to and yet not far below the greatest, which his most convinced admirers have always believed to be its just inheritance. It was therefore an excellent idea to reprint *As It Was* and *World Without End*, because they have, on a smaller scale, the same relationship to Thomas's work as Dorothy Wordsworth's Journals to her brother's poetry; that is, they not only present an intimately revealing portrait of the writer as seen by the person closest to him during his working years, but also illuminate the springs of his poetry by an extraordinary sympathy of sensibility—in both cases about nature and man's relationship to it.

Mrs. Thomas has now discarded the semi-anonymity of "H.T.", but her husband remains "David Townsend" and all their friends keep their pseudonyms as well. I find the reason for this a little difficult to understand, especially as the concealment is not in any case carried out very consistently: Nevinson, as the ever-helpful editor, is given his true name, but Robert Frost, whom everyone now knows to have been of such crucial importance in Thomas's career, is still introduced as "a poet," who "believed in David and loved him, understanding as no other man had ever understood, his strange complex temperament." There was, of course, intelligible justification when the books were first published: it is easy to see that a number of the chief actors might have been embarrassed by identification in a record that had the flavour of a rather daring sexual frankness even for the Twenties. To readers of the Fifties, on the other hand, this frankness may seem a little too self-consciously "pagan", dated where it once appeared *risqué*; but Mrs. Thomas writes so vividly, with such a natural power of communicating the depth of the emotion in which her relationship with her husband was steeped, and which transformed the whole world for her, that the story remains uniquely poignant and haunting. And I think that from one aspect it is even more moving today than when it was first written: because it paints a picture of the kind of contentment which could be found in the country life of southern England in the years before the First World War, that has been so altered, so spoilt in the space of two generations that it already seems almost as far away as the world of Longus.

Not that their life together was flawlessly happy. Mrs. Thomas describes how inadequate she felt in the society of the poet's intellectual friends, how the conviction that, by comparison with them, she was "neither beautiful nor brilliant nor original" brought moments of confused misery and insecurity, enhanced by his "strange, complex temperament." Edward Thomas was oppressed all his life, and increasingly it seems towards the end, by a blackness of spirit that appeared to have no obvious cause and enveloped him like a prison whose walls no one could break through. "For there were to come," she writes,

> dark days when his brooding melancholy shut me out in a lonely exile, and my heart waited too eagerly to be let into the light again. When those days came with no apparent reason for their coming, bringing to him a deep spiritual unrest and discontent, he would be silent for hours, and perhaps stride out of the house, angry and bitter and cruel,

and walk and walk far into the night, and come home worn out with deadly fatigue. When those days came my heart trembled for what might happen, and I, suffering his terrible spiritual loneliness had no thought, or seeing, or hearing, for anything but his agony and my own despair.

Psychologists may find a partly plausible explanation for this dominant melancholy—reading between the lines of the autobiographical fragment he left behind—in the circumstances of his early years: a sensitive and shy boy wraps himself into a cocoon of solitary dreaming as a defence against the indifference or lack of comprehension of parents, teachers, schoolmates. And yet such explanations only go a very little way to explain the mystery of the creative imagination. However dismaying Edward Thomas's moods may have been for another person to live with, it was out of that melancholy and the passionate need to be utterly abstracted from human contacts, to discover "a language not to be betrayed" between himself and nature, that his finest writing came. His special quality had already showed itself in passages of the prose books, "the hateful hack-work books written to the order of publishers", when the miracle of Robert Frost occurred and all his inner life was crystallised at last into its perfect substance, the poems that poured out between 1915 and his death on Vimy Ridge in 1917. No one seemed to understand them or want them, until it was too late to mean anything to him. As Helen Thomas so tragically says: "Death came leading Fame by the hand."

JOHN LEHMANN

Tre, Hec and Edzac

Automation in Theory and Practice. Edited by E. M. HUGH-JONES. *Blackwell.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Automation: Its Purpose and Future. By MAGNUS PYKE. *Hutchinson.* 16*s.*

The literature of automation continues to flow from the assembly lines. The ideas expressed in the books have not yet reached the point where they can be played off from punched cards, but they are beginning to be distinctly repetitive. Any new writer planning to choose automation as his theme must have something really new to say: otherwise he may as well leave it to the machines.

Both these books, however, are good and interesting. The University of Oxford has been quicker to recognise automation than it was to welcome the steam-engine, and Mr. Hugh-Jones has collected in book form seven lectures delivered to social studies undergraduates a year ago. They are mixed in quality, as printed lectures always are, but some are particularly useful introductory reading.

Lord Halsbury, in the first lecture, does all that a first lecturer should. He sorts out four components in automation—transfer machining and automatic assembly, forms of automatic operation which replace brawn by machines, and communication engineering and control engineering, which replace brain by machines. After surveying the technical factors involved, he concludes that a more important problem than unemployment brought about by automation will be the continuing existence of employment untouched by automation. There are shades of the great nineteenth-century political economists in his question—how can work essential to the community be carried out by a "sociologically and emotionally isolated minority?"

Another vigorous and lively lecture is that by W. R. Spencer, who considers the administrative applications of automation and turns from the automatic factory to the automatic office. His material is admirably planned and presented, and yet at the same time he manages to convey something of the fantasy of recent developments. He introduces us not only to Lee, the J. Lyons' Company computer, which sorts out the pay-roll and the baking and packing programme of the firm, but also to Ace, Deuce, Rascal, Tre, Hec and Edzac. "When I read of these," he adds—and

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the reader feels the same—"they sound like a group of robots ready to come to heel as soon as their master calls the pet name of each one."

To learn more about these creatures, it is best to turn to Magnus Pyke's fascinating popular account of the new technology in practice. Mr. Pyke writes in such a way that should make most would-be popularisers of technology extremely envious—intelligibly, fluently, and with imagination as well as information—and he covers a wider field than automation as the Oxford lecturers conceived it. Among the new creatures described in his technical zoo are Elmer and Hiram, automatic shops, Reservisor, the automatic aeroplane-seat booker, the un-named, terrifying and as yet unexploited conveyor-cafeteria, and the translating machine which, while it can deal adequately with euphonic particles, will render the town of Tours in France as "turn or tower (plural)." Mr. Pyke enjoys patrolling the frontier between the land of fantasy and the realms of the practicable, and as he himself very sensibly remarks, "in the midst of all these new ideas and possibilities it is easy to become carried away and to be swept out of the realm of practical realities into the fantasy of what is possible."

Mr. Pyke does not go into detail concerning the social and economic problems of automation, but he makes some valid points modestly and in the light of experience. He shows, for instance, how before automation can be introduced even into a modern factory rationalisation and standardisation are necessary. Such rationalisation would be useful even if automation were not introduced. He argues that the obstacle to more rapid development is "frame of mind," the frame of mind of industrialists and managers more than of workers. "It is not Einsteins we want to launch automation and make industry more productive," but a far more genuine and equal partnership between scientists and management. He shows how "life automatic," like all other artificial ways of life, can produce either natural or socially controlled compensations. He cites the "do it yourself" movement in America as an example of the former—of all the paint sold in the U.S.A. in 1954, nearly 80 per cent. was bought by amateurs—and suggests that we in Britain have not thought enough of the admittedly distant problems of the leisure state. Mr. Pyke seems to be a critically minded optimist. Perhaps it is significant that his one slip is to refer to George Orwell's *1984* as *1985*. There is more than one year's difference, however, in these two views of the future. In the right hands, Mr. Pyke seems to imply, Tre, Hec and Edzac may well be lovable monsters, directing attention to human problems far more effectively than some of the flesh-and-blood controllers of our present destinies.

ASA BRIGGS

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The Cold Shoulder

Russia Leaves the War. By GEORGE KENNAN. *Faber. 50s.*

The Bolsheviks did a good day's work for history when they refused to accept Mr. George Kennan as American Ambassador to Moscow in 1952. Mr. Kennan left the State Department and began to study the background of American foreign policy. He published two slight, though stimulating, volumes of lectures. Now he appears as a more serious historian. He intends to describe American policy towards Russia from the Bolshevik revolution until the end of the civil wars in 1921. An Englishman must envy the spacious leisure which an American historian can still allow himself and which American readers will tolerate. The present volume of over five hundred pages goes only to the ratification of the peace of Brest-Litovsk in March, 1918; and heaven knows how many more are to follow. Yet it is not a word too long. The process of history can be grasped properly only if it is worked out in detail with all the accidents and misunderstandings which shape it. Mr. Kennan has developed a true scholar's integrity; and he writes too with delightful elegance. He has time to run after every aside; and these by-ways are often the most illuminating. The book is a pleasure to read, apart from the importance of its theme.

The book, despite its title, is about American policy, not about Russia. The story of Brest-Litovsk has been told by other writers; and Mr. Kennan takes it as read. He makes no attempt to explain what was in the minds of the Bolshevik leaders. His concern is with American reactions. He draws a fascinating picture of confused counsels—an elderly, inexperienced ambassador; a plethora of amateur advisers, each pursuing his own confident course; an overworked President, himself operating more from impulse than from knowledge. Should the government of the United States denounce the Bolsheviks? Or should it seek to stiffen their resistance to the Germans? In fact, American policy lurched from one course to the other, without securing the advantages of either; and the final outcome of non-recognition was as much the result of weary indifference as of anything else. As a formal policy, non-recognition was devised by Lansing, the Secretary of State; and he arrived at it, not on the basis of any solid information, but simply after solitary brooding during a sleepless night. President Wilson took little account of Lansing's arguments, but non-recognition suited his book well enough. He would really have liked non-recognition as a universal policy: refusing to recognise any existing governments, and appealing to the peoples over their heads. He tried this out with the Bolsheviks and applied it later, though with little success, to Italy.

Mr. Kennan deserves high praise for his achievement as a historian. But it is not easy to shake off earlier associations; and Mr. Kennan reveals them every now and then. He has the professional diplomatist's impatience for unauthorised agents; and priggishly condemns anything that is not done strictly according to protocol. After recounting some odd episodes, he concludes that none of them had any effect on Soviet-American relations, but "they illustrate the infinite possibilities for misunderstanding, confusion, intrigue, and malevolent exploitation that are always present when inexperienced people, whose status is unclarified, are permitted to dabble in the transactions between governments." This is a fine mandarin judgment. Would American policy have been any wiser or more successful if it had been conducted strictly by the State Department? There is nothing in this book to prove it. Besides—though Mr. Kennan no doubt hates the thought—American policy is determined in the last resort not by the State Department, not by the ambassadors, not by the Secretary of State. It is determined by an amateur, the President of the United States.

Mr. Kennan can be allowed this hobby-horse. His other lapse is more serious. He comes to the story with his mind made up; and he does not try to conceal this. Of course every historian deals with debates and conflicts which were settled long before he began to study them He and his readers know the outcome at the start. Yet he must somehow create an atmosphere of suspense. The decision must grow out of the events that he narrates; it must not be imposed from outside, because of prior knowledge that events went that way. This is a hard doctrine; and no historian altogether succeeds in applying it. But he must try. Mr. Kennan does not try. He is convinced, from the experiences of some thirty years later, that the Bolsheviks were hopeless from the start. They were out to destroy capitalist civilisation; and therefore the only answer was the cold shoulder. Anyone who tried to convince them that American capitalists at any rate were not as wicked as Marxist theory said they were was wasting his time. This may well be so; but it is a dogma derived from the experiences of 1950, not from those of 1917, and it leads Mr. Kennan to judgments as rigid as those of the Bolsheviks themselves. For instance, he is quick to condemn when Lenin and Trotsky appealed to the Allied peoples over the heads of their governments. But he steps forward with a ready excuse when Wilson played the same trick on the Bolsheviks with the Fourteen Points:

> The difference was that in one case the appeal was founded on a sincere desire to see the democratic process take its course in the country to which the appeal was addressed, whereas in the other it was combined with a summons to violent revolution.

Again he writes concerning the Bolshevik dissolution of the Constituent Assembly:

> A milestone had been passed; the Bolsheviki had finally stamped themselves as usurpers. From this time on, they would be irrevocably separated from the western powers by that subtle barrier dividing regimes which defer in principle to the popular will from those who do not.

A mighty fine principle, but it had not prevented the United States maintaining diplomatic relations, sometimes cordial relations, with the Russia of the Tsars for more than a century; nor, in more recent time, has it much impeded the benevolence with which the State Department has regarded Franco's Spain. Mr. Kennan, in short, is not explaining how the present grew out of the past. He is justifying those parts of the past which produced the present.

Yet in the last resort the past is too much for him. It escapes from his control and leaves quite a different impression from the one that he intended. Reduced to essentials, Mr. Kennan's book is a sustained tract against Raymond Robins, the adventurous idealist, who was supposed to be representing the American Red Cross in Russia, but who in fact tried to swing the Bolsheviks against Germany and American policy behind the Bolsheviks. Robins was everything Mr. Kennan disapproves of. He was an amateur diplomatist, contemptuous of the official hierarchy; he disregarded the rules of protocol; he had generous emotions; he believed in the sincerity of Lenin and Trotsky. He never appears without a word of condemnation from Mr. Kennan. Nevertheless

he steals the show. The moment that he steps on to the stage, the others all seem puny and uninspired. We are supposed to feel at the end of the book that American policy had muddled through to the correct attitude of the cold shoulder and that, if there had been less muddle, the shoulder would have been colder still. What in fact we feel is how much better things would have worked out if Raymond Robins had had his way and that the world would be a better place if it was run by Raymond Robins and not by the State Department. Unwittingly and unwillingly Mr. Kennan has composed a tribute to a great American: Raymond Robins, a man who did honour to his people and his age.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Image and Idea

Shelley at Work. By NEVILLE ROGERS. *Oxford.* 35*s.*

"What Shelley's poetry requires above everything else is to be understood and judged by the ideas by which it is animated." By a remarkable act of penetration and synthesis, Mr. Rogers has threaded his way through the "wilderness of intricate paths" presented by Shelley's thought and writing—especially the wild and intriguing confusion of the notebooks—to show not only what Shelley's ideas were and where they came from, but how they grew into a symbolic structure of increasing scope, coherence and flexibility. We see the poetic mind in its magpie alertness and cheerful opportunism seizing upon what it needs and digesting it to its own colour. An image may spring with hallucinatory vividness from life or from dream; be clarified by reading, thought, accident; melt into some other image or idea under the impact of delight or disenchantment or some radical change of outlook; be reinforced by Plato (it may be), toughened by contact with Calderón or Goethe; outgrow its own history to become pure Shelley and then be confirmed in this by a scrap of Dante or Cavalcanti. And in Shelley this kaleidoscopic process is driven impetuously forward by his struggle with "the monsters of his thought," the desperate effort to reconcile mundane love with his ideal, his wrestlings with a brain that "boils and throws off images and words faster than I can skim them off," the "libertarian energy" that (if we may be for a moment a little Shelleyan) thirsts to blow the trumpet of a prophecy in the teeth of the world.

This book is in two sections. First, a detailed tracing of emergent ideas and symbols. The inquiry is deftly managed to disclose in mounting order of subtlety and intricacy the growth of a symbolic system with its ambiguities, obsessive reiterations, multiple relations, interfusions, shiftings of emphasis. In the second part Mr. Rogers traces the genesis of several single poems and interprets them as a series of stages in the maturing of Shelley's vision. Already in *Queen Mab* a crucial turn was being taken from the Æschylean doctrine of Necessity to a Platonic view of love, a view which, in turn, broadens into a doctrine of world-regenerating love almost Christian in character. *Prometheus Unbound*, for all its dramatic shortcomings, shows the triumph of love over the self-imposed tyranny of sophistication and the corrupt will, and man restored to his birthright of Elysian freedom and dæmonic energy by the power which love commands over all the mechanical processes of the universe. *Epipsychidion* marks the climax of Shelley's quest for a mortal Ariadne who, by beauty and love, would unravel his pure being from the coil of mortal existence and bring him to the perpetual vision of The One. The poem is wildly inadequate; the Emilia Viviani episode ends in bitter disillusion. But the symbolic structure holds firm, the thought deepens. In *Adonais* Shelley takes the opportunity of Keats's death to celebrate the triumph of Poetry and the Human Spirit over ignorance, blindness and death. And at the end, with *Hellas* written and *The Triumph of Life*

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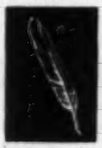

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not yet firmly set towards its *dénouement*, Shelley writes:

> Our business is with the unbending realities of actual life . . . it becomes us with patience and resolution to apply ourselves to accommodating our theories to practice.

Mr. Rogers's purpose is to delineate Shelley's informing ideas and to trace the expression of them in his symbolism. He does this gently, compellingly, without the cerebral taint of case-making, with touches of humour, in rich detail. He refrains—deliberately, it seems—from discussing the actual achievement of the poetry itself; and probably this was well for the sake of clarity. Shelley, with disarming modesty, regarded *Adonais* as "My least imperfect poem." Too often his instinct is to move in a counter-poetical direction, from the idea to the image, and so to rob his poetry of the very body that symbolism exists to secure. Mr. Rogers, I suspect, would not deny that Shelley was unduly hospitable to the mellifluous and grandiloquent; that his larger poems are marred by slack rhythms, and blurred by clusters of approximate and obliterant similes; that, in spite of his loathing for the didactic, Shelley frequently resorts to rhetoric, "the will trying to do the work of imagination." Yet it is clear from this book, as it has never been so clear before, that Shelley's symbolic system was a genuine and coherent product of fine insight and poetic imagination. In some of the latest poetry, as at times in the political verse, there are traces of a muscular colloquial rhythm, a less hieratic diction. In the end a more fastidious critical discipline might have matched his verse to the force of his vision. Thinking of Yeats, one laments the more that Shelley should have died just short of his thirtieth birthday. For now that Mr. Rogers has shown clearly what sort of thing was struggling to birth in that strenuous and seething mind, our estimate of Shelley's intellectual and imaginative stature is permanently enlarged.

GEORGE WHALLEY

Bibliophily

Books and Book-Collectors. By JOHN CARTER. *Hart-Davis.* 18*s.*

Mr. Carter is probably still best known to the world at large as one of the two young men who in 1934 exposed the extensive series of forged first editions manufactured and marketed by the late T. J. Wise; aspects of that remarkable man's activities form the subject of three of the papers collected in this volume, which the general reader will enjoy and the book-collector will require to own. In "Thomas J. Wise and his Forgeries," published in America in 1945, Mr. Carter lifts a corner of the veil on some of the events immediately preceding and following the disclosure. It is to be hoped that one day he will supply a verbatim account of the interview at which he and Mr. Graham Pollard confronted Wise with the damning evidence of his guilt, but in the meantime one must be grateful for the delicious shudders produced by the narration of Wise's attempts to bribe his ex-office-boy to endorse a statement that all the forgeries were derived from Harry Buxton Forman. Forman's indisputable complicity in at least one of the forgeries is the subject of another essay, written in collaboration with Mr. Pollard. The proven case against Forman owes much to the investigations of Miss Fanny Ratchford, of the University of Texas Library, who attempted also on much flimsier evidence to involve Edmund Gosse in the conspiracy. Since this charge is still occasionally heard today it is good to have in permanent form Mr. Carter's authoritative rebuttal.

Several of the articles come from the back page of the *Times Literary Supplement*; the publication of the catalogues of the libraries formed by Mr. Michael Sadleir and Lord Rothschild, and of Mr. W. S. Lewis's captivating memoirs, were the occasions of essays which give a masterly account of the bibliophilic background against which each collector's special contribution to the subject should be studied.

From the Third Programme comes a witty and affectionate appraisal of the varied achievements and highly individual personality of Dr. Stanley Morison. Five "essays in bibliophily" include Mr. Carter's pioneer essay on collecting detective fiction, originally published in 1934, and by no means superseded as the best brief outline of a complicated, and now fashionable, subject. "Off-subject Books" introduces what to the uninitiated may appear to be a slightly perverse field of book-collecting, the pursuit of works such as H. G. Wells's *Text-Book of Biology*, Charles Reade's *A Lost Art Revived: Cremona Violins and Varnish*, or Ouida's work on dogs. In "Nineteenth-century English Books: Some Bibliographical Agenda," Mr. Carter makes an important statement of the problems confronting and hitherto unrecognised or evaded by those who seek to describe physically the books produced in the machine age.

A. N. L. MUNBY

Backwards to Genesis

The Lost Steps. By ALEJO CARPENTIER. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

Suddenly to come upon a new kind of book by an unrecognised author bearing marks of greatness: an explorer who looks first into a pharaoh's tomb and finds it unplundered can feel no greater delight than the reader who is granted this rare experience.

I do not know of any other book at all closely comparable to *The Lost Steps*. It might be likened to Laurens Van der Post's *Venture to the Interior* in that both describe journeys in remote country that are also journeys of the mind, but beyond this similarity of conception they are as far apart as the two continents in which they are set. Illuminating literary comparisons being so difficult to discover, I have sought after a simile that might express something of the quality of Mr. Carpentier's masterpiece—and I believe I have found one. It is like a room, an oratory perhaps, with the Journey of a mythical Hero painted in continuous scenes round the walls—painted by a fifteenth-century Florentine with that ability to fill every yard with fine detail without weakening the central theme. Cities, hill-towns, forests, rivers, storms, dark entries, astonishing mountains, corners filled with the weird and grotesque, and passing through them all, in innumerable attitudes but mounting power, the Hero himself. This does not complete the simile, for at the centre of the room stands the observer-Hero, who, as he follows the course of his Journey, looking on each strange scene set out for his instruction, responds to them with the whole of himself, a self that carries on that bright central thread of individuality, intense memories going back to childhood and inherited memories from all the cultures of the Old World and the New. Mr. Carpentier is not so far behind Proust in the skill with which he contrives to make obsessive associations, personal and impersonal, bring iridescence to the colours of the day.

While this book undoubtedly owes its power to invade and haunt the imagination to its underlying psychological symbolism, to the different levels of reality on which it moves, it can also be enjoyed for its narrative qualities and really superb descriptive passages. I do not think it can properly be called a great novel (as it has been in France), yet the characters and their doings hold the interest on the fictional level. The musician Hero, miserable in all the febrile silliness of his metropolitan life, and with a job that he knows to be a betrayal of his creative gifts, flies off to South America, in search of primitive musical instruments still played by a remote Indian tribe. Meeting characters who would have been at home among the Conquistadors and in the Middle Ages, he begins to see that he is moving back

through time—and, one assumes, down through consciousness. He and his travelling companions come to a village whose inhabitants are living in the New Stone Age, where he finds the musical instruments of his quest. Then he is taken to see a people far more bestially primitive; they venerate an object that he recognizes as representing "the Mother . . . the female principle, to be found in the secret prologue of all theogonies." When he hears the tribal shaman trying to revive a corpse by a weird two-part invocation, the musician is convinced that here in real life he is witnessing the birth of his own great art. Finally he is shown two horrible fœtus-like creatures in a pit, and is told that they are prisoners of the tribe, "who consider themselves the superior race, the sole rightful owners of the jungle." So he goes back and back until he seems to have been shown the whole unfolding story of Genesis.

I cannot resist commenting here that, although for a professor of the history of culture Mr. Carpentier is refreshingly careless about the details of prehistory, it is an archæological fact that images of the Mother Goddess were the first truly symbolic object to have been shaped by the hand of man.

The last part of the book shows some falling off. The Hero's life in a newly founded City, untroubled by time, where he finds he can again compose real music, his folly in allowing himself to be "rescued" by aeroplane because he is suffering the artist's temptation to think of his audience, the ballyhoo of his reception home, and his unsuccessful efforts to return to the City, are excellently but rather hurriedly told. Surely when he is back in the modern world he is still too much the Outsider, too little changed by his experiences? Or is it simply my own mind that is being too obvious here? It is not revealed whether he will succeed in fulfilling himself as a musician as a result of his Journey, or fall back into his old ways. But at least he has been given a chance, he has had his visions of ultimate truth.

This is a book to be bought, for, like the mural of my simile, it is crowded with a hundred scenes great and small that can be studied again and again with renewed pleasure and understanding. The insects taking possession of the hotel bedroom; the Spanish city pinned on the mountainside beneath its fifteen lamps; many scenes of rivers and mountain ranges, of fish, reptiles and primeval vegetation: all these and many more could stand by themselves in any anthology whether of poetry or prose. Only occasionally does a failure of language reveal the near-impossibility of a perfect English translation of Spanish that one can assume to be rich but never needlessly ornate.

JACQUETTA HAWKES

We regret that in our last issue we gave the title of *The Hoffnung Music Festival* (Putnam, 4s. 6d.) as *The Hoffnung Music Review*.

Week-end Competition

No. 1,397

Set by Hilbrian

Verlaine wrote a ballade on the line, "*Mais moi je vois la vie en rouge.*" Competitors are invited to submit a ballade—3 verses and envoi—in English on the line "I always look upon the side that's black." Extra length as a token of Christmas goodwill, but shorter time: entries, please, by *Monday*, December 17.

Result of No. 1,394

Set by Buzfuz

We sometimes hear of letters written to the Archers from over-credulous listeners, seeking or offering advice, or ordering farm-produce. Competitors are invited to compose such a letter to one of the following, whose adventures are, it is supposed, being serialised on the radio: Mr. Pooter, Winston Smith, Mrs. Bennet, Mr. Salteena, Hamlet, Lucky Jim or Basil Seal.

Report

In rattled the samples: *Why be a Nobody?* for Mr. Pooter; MENDY, "our new easy-work invisible-mending machine," for Lucky Jim ("for hostess's linen, etc."); and a free coupon for Pelmanism ("for Courage and Clear Thinking") for unlucky Hamlet. Up crept the spongers, too: the boy's Mum who writes to Basil Seal—

> . . . about my Son, he goes into the Army on Thursday next and says Can you get him a Cushy Posting as we hear on the Home you are in the business.
>
> (T. A. HOWELL)

the girls' Mum who wants Mrs. Bennet to

> take my two daughters as paying guests when next the officers of the ...shire milita are quartered in Meryton. We have an American Army camp here, but their officers seem quite different.
>
> (ALICE JAMES)

Disinterested advice was rarer, and Hamlet got most of it:

> As a Christian gentlewoman living in the country, I implore you to spare the King.
>
> (D. MCRITCHIE)

I liked Allan M. Laing's psychic correspondent ("I am the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter") who warned Mrs. Bennet that "I have dreamed three times of Mr. Wickham, and each time he had the head of a wolf."

Prize money to be divided between those printed below: runners-up, Allan M. Laing, Annie Allen, Ethel Talbot Scheffauer, Granville Garley. Commended: T. E. Hendrie, E. Plotski, H. A. V. Evans and A. E. Boot.

MRS. BENNET

Dear Mrs. Bennet,

Well done about Jane and Lizzie, also Lydia—my, that was a near thing! Mary next, and will be

NEWNES

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Alison King

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10/6

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Company Meeting

BARCLAYS BANK D.C.O.

FURTHER PROGRESS

The 31st ordinary general meeting of Barclays Bank D.C.O. will be held on Dec. 28 in London.

The following is an extract from the statement by the Chairman, Mr. J. S. CROSSLEY, circulated with the report and accounts for the year to Sept. 30, 1956 :—

This Bank operates under its own Act of Parliament—The Colonial Bank Act of 1925. In terms of the Act the authorised capital is limited to £15,000,000. The paid-up capital to-day is £12,932,250, and £15,000,000 therefore leaves little margin should it become necessary at any time in the future to issue fresh capital. Your directors, with this in mind, have felt that we should approach Parliament by means of an amending bill to obtain authority to increase the Bank's authorised capital from £15,000,000 to £30,000,000.

Accordingly a bill has been prepared and was deposited in Parliament on 27th November. At an extraordinary general meeting following immediately after the annual general meeting on 28th December you will be asked to approve it. Although we are asking you to approve this bill there is no intention in the immediate future of making an issue of shares.

During the year, a further milestone in our history was reached when, on the 15th May, at Kapsabet, "the place of the porcupine," in the Highlands of Kenya, the one thousandth branch of the Bank was opened. By an odd coincidence, the opening date fell on the 119th anniversary of the opening by the Colonial Bank of its first branch in Jamaica. Since 15th May, 43 more offices have been opened, making a total for the 12 months period of 110 new offices, 26 of them being full branches, 14 sub-branches, and 70 agencies; four agencies were closed during the period.

Our balance-sheet figures when compared with those for a year ago show an increase in deposits, together with a small reduction in advances. The major changes, however, took place only during the last few months of our accounting year. On 31st March, at half time, our advances to customers were actually substantially higher than at the beginning of the period, while our customers' deposits with us showed practically no change. Our average lendings taken over the whole period were substantially higher than in the previous year. This factor, taken together with the higher rates of interest earned on treasury bills and short term funds, accounted for an increase in revenue which more than offset the further increase in expenses which we have once more had to meet and the additional taxation costs, due to increases in the rate of profits tax. The final result shows that the net profit, after tax, amounts to £1,261,189, or an increase of £109,088.

In future years, I hope we shall be able to provide you with an approximate profit figure each half year at the time of the declaration of the interim dividend. This will be for us quite a new departure, and it will, I think, be obvious to you that the half-yearly figure will not necessarily prove a reliable guide to the figure for the full year. The rapid changes in the figures, such as, for example, those that have occurred during the last few months of the year, can have a material effect on the Bank's earnings. Our half-yearly figures are, as you know, unaudited, and the figure given should only be considered as approximate.

A Goose Chase ends the Christmas Gift-Hunt

But Gertie the goose is not for the Christmas table! She is just one of the individualists you'll meet in The Countryman Winter Number, and suggests a happy ending to your gift-hunting. Fresh and first-hand from country contributors, The Countryman arrives with each of the four seasons. Its pages are packed with entertaining articles, brilliant photographs, oddities, anecdotes, poetry and gossip. To everyone who loves the country—whether country cousin, urban uncle, friend here or overseas—your gift of The Countryman brings a whole year of rural enjoyment.

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LUCKY JIM

Dear Mr. Dixon,

I have read about your adventures and they have touched me very much. I am sure you will excuse an old lady writing to you, but I have a soft spot for you poor boys who were in the war. My poor Ernest was just like you; he would have been such a fine man if he had not died of delirium tremens in 1923. So I would like to help you. Ernest too had a weak stomach like you and he was always on the point of being sick. I am sending you a little book *Things a Young Man Ought to Know*, which helped Ernest a lot, and also *How to Win Friends and be a Success*. I hope you will be able to give your lecture again which I enjoyed as far as it went.

Yours very sincerely,
Prudence Lawless (Miss)
E. C. JENKINS

HAMLET

Dear Prince,

We heard your dreadfully sad news on the wireless and I am writing at once to let you know that if what they said was true and you are going to come to England as a refugee, we could easily squeeze you in at " Mon Repos " and pleased to. I daresay it is a smaller place than you are used to at your Elsie something but less drafty also Oh you poor boy what a worrying time you been having first your dad going off so sudden then your college friend I suppose dressing up as a ghost and frightening you and then your young lady friend out of her mind and all and Im sure I don't wonder. We think it was those Russians again putting your Uncle up to dirty tricks. Now don't forget to send a p.c. to say when arriving Little Leoning is our station not much more than a Hamlet (ha! ha!) with you knowing our language so well already Im sure we shall hit it off fine together and our Glad is dying to meet you and show you round Give your Mum my regards we mustnt judge others must we.

Yours sincerley

R. M. ANTHONY

City Lights

Pop Goes the Weasel

Little Selwyn finally mumbles out his sorry and gets his sweetie. The City, thankful for the end of a dreary muddle, allows itself two days of mild technical frolic in the markets. Then Auntie comes in, with the bill. Last month's £100m loss of gold is very much heavier than most people had been expecting, and brings the total fall in the reserve since end-July (ignoring the sale of Trinidad Oil) to more than 25 per cent. The effect of the Egyptian adventure on the country's balance of payments has hardly been felt yet. The loss of gold in November is a result, partly of a widespread panic rush out of soft into hard currencies (to which, because of its anxiety to lead the move towards convertibility, sterling is particularly vulnerable) and partly of renewed speculation. Something had to be done at once to prevent this speculation, which was bound to increase further when the reserve began to feel the strain of heavy dollar oil purchases and the usual end-

December payments on the U.S. and Canadian loans.

Three things are being done. The first is to ask for a waiver on the interest element in the dollar debt repayments—a request which not only provides a humiliating postscript to the recent show of anti-Americanism but is so clearly barrel-scraping that it could cost in increased speculation more than the $100m it may save. The other two emergency decisions—to claim our drawing rights on the International Monetary Fund, and to consider re-pawning the Exchange Account's portfolio of dollar securities—are obvious enough. The wonder is that they were not taken before the inevitable speculation had begun. The world is acutely short of sterling, and the cost of speculation has become extremely high. The main risk of devaluation now lies in Auntie's muddle-headedness.

Protecting the pound is one thing, paying for Egypt is another. It is already being suggested (though the calculation must have been incredibly rough-and-ready) that there will be no balance of payments surplus at all in the period mid-1956 to mid-1957: in the first half of this year, for comparison, it was a hard-earned £144m. The government seems to be proposing to meet the situation with a belt-tightening policy—making up for petrol rationing with a higher tax, maintaining (and increasing if necessary) the existing restrictions, and considering an increase in the income-tax for April. It is to be hoped that the cost of Suez will be treated as a special item as far as possible and that the growth of industrial investment will not be entirely sacrificed to a temporary strain on the balance of payments. It seems possible, in any case, that the government—quite apart from personal weaknesses—will not be able to steer its way between internal and external trouble with the instruments it has so far chosen to employ. The pressure on industrial costs is increasing rapidly, and it may need more than a nervous fiddling with interest rates to combine full employment with a healthy trade balance. A great deal will depend on the attitude of the trade unions.

* * *

Last month's loss of gold is reflected in the mid-November figures issued by the London Clearing Banks. In spite of a £19½m increase in advances, deposits fell by £27m. Treasury bill holdings declined by £72m, and the average liquidity ratio slipped from 37 to 36.3 per cent. These changes reflect partly the switch of money out of bank deposits into premium bonds, but much more largely the running down of bank deposits by overseas holders of sterling. The one satisfactory result of the drain on the gold reserve may be to give back to the Bank of England control over the operations of the banking system.

* * *

The terms of the ICI issue were announced before the ice broke up. The fact that an issue was on its way had been known for some considerable time, and uneasiness about its size and its terms had done much to unsettle the market. In fact, it is designed to raise £40m, and is the largest capital issue ever made by a British industrial company, a 5½ per cent loan stock, convertible into Ordinary shares in any July from 1958 to 1960 at prices ranging from the equivalent of 40s. to 43s. 8d. a share. If things are going well by then, subscribers should make a tidy profit on the conversion—they are assured at the very least of a comfortable income from the loan stock.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 369. Treading Virgin Soil

Just as there is something awe-inspiring in birth, just so we are fascinated by being in the presence of anything new seeing its very first light. Hence, I suppose, the craze for collecting autographs and first editions and for attending first nights; and hence, I was suitably impressed when, in some ancient magazine, I happened to come across the very first game in which a minor Danish master by the name of From played the gambit which was to ensure him a minor but permanent niche in the history of Chess. The game was played in 1862, and the victim (surely entitled to a shred of his master's immortality), was one Möllerström.

(1)	P-KB4	P-K4	(9) Kt x R	P-KB4
(2)	P x P	P-Q3	(10) B-Kt2	P x P
(3)	P x P	B x P	(11) B x P	Q-R5
(4)	Kt-KB3	Kt-KR3	(12) Q-R1	O-O
(5)	P-K4	Kt-Kt5	(13) B-Q5 ch	K-R1
(6)	P-KKt3	Kt x P	(14) Q-Kt1	Q-R4 ch
(7)	R x P	B x P ch	(15) B-B3	R x B
(8)	K-K2	B x R	(16) Kt x R	B-Kt5, etc.

Not a very good game, truly virginal and appropriately immature. But then old Ruy knew even less about the Lopez than old From about " his " gambit; and even the great Alekhine, when asked why he played " his " defence so rarely is said to have replied: " I don't know it, and anyway it's no good." As for From's Gambit, Lasker put some zip into it by (4) . . . P-KKt4 which practically forces (5) P-Q4 and, after . . . P-Kt5. (6) Kt-K5 gives Black a chance of recovering his gambit-pawn. Yet, by (6) Kt-Kt5 (and the Kt's subsequent sacrifice) White can outgambit his opponent, as often proved by Tartakover and others. Even so, while given all too scant notice in the more modern tomes on opening theory, old From's gambit has never been properly refuted, and any slip of White's may lead to speedy catastrophe, such as in this famous consultation game of Bird and Dobell against Gunsberg and Locock:

(1) P-KB4, P-K4. (2) P x P, P-Q3. (3) P x P, B x P. (4) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4. (5) P-B3? (P-Q4!), P-Kt5. (6) Q-R4 ch, Kt-B3. (7) Kt-Q4, Q-R5 ch. (8) K-Q1, P-Kt6! (9) P-Kt3?, Q x P! ! etc.

This happened in 1897. Nearly 40 years later Paul Heuäcker (the famous study-composer) upheld old From like this:

(1) P-KB4, P-K4. (2) P x P, P-Q3. (3) P x P, B x P. (4) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4. (5) P-Q4, P-Kt5. (6) Kt-K5, Kt-QB3. (7) Kt x Kt, P x Kt. (8) B-Kt5? (Q-Q3!), Q-K2. (9) Q-Q3, B-R3!. (10) Q x B? (Q-Q2!), Q x B. (11) Q x P ch, K-K2. (12) Q x R?, Kt-B3!. (13) Q x R, Q-B8 ch. (14) K-B2, Kt-K5 ch. (15) K-Kt1, Q-K6 mate.

Finally (to show the other side of the medal) here's how Tartakover punished that other great gambit-player Spielmann for daring him:

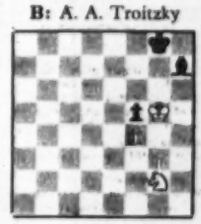
(1) P-KB4, P-K4. (2) P x P, P-Q3. (3) P x P, B x P. (4) Kt-KB3, P-KKt4. (5) P-Q4, P-Kt5. (6) Kt-K5, Kt-QB3. (7) Kt x Kt, P x Kt. (8) P-KKt3, P-KR4. (9) B-Kt2, P-R5. (10) Q-Q3! (B x P ch?), B-Q2. (11) Kt-B3, R-Kt1. (12) O-O, P x P. (13) P x P, P-QB4. (14) B-B4, B x B. (15) R x B, Q-Kt4. (16) Kt-K4, Q-R3. (17) Kt x P and soon won.

The 4-pointer for beginners is a position resulted from a From's. Black to move. How did he force the issue? **B** and **C** are both wins for White; they are classics, both of them, very instructive and beautiful and not too difficult for 6 and 7 ladder-points.

Usual prizes. Entries by December 17.

A: C. Schlechter 1897

B: A. A. Troitzky



C: J. de Villeneuve 1910

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 366. Set November 17

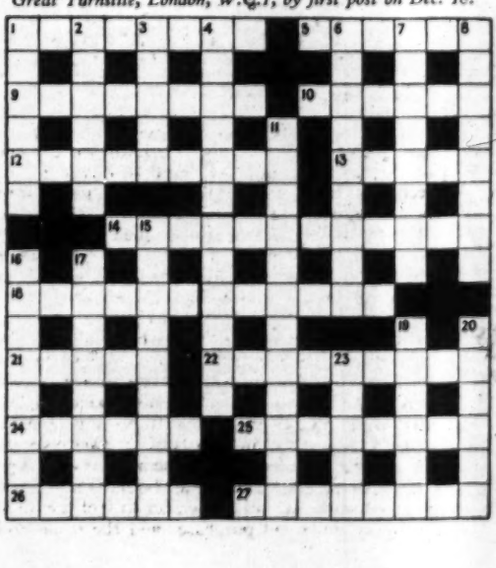
A: (1) . . Q-B8! (2) R x Q, B x Q. [or (2) Q x B, Q x B.]
B: (1) R-B8, Q-R6. (2) Kt-Q4 ch, K-Kt3. (3) R-Kt8 ch, K-B4. (4) R-Kt5 ch, K-Q3. (5) R-Q5 ch, K-K2. (6) R-QR5 etc.
C: (1) Q-Q4 ch, K-R6. (2) Q-R1 ch, K-Kt5. (3) P-B7! Q x Q. (4) P-B8 (Q) ch, K-R4. (5) Q-Q8 ch, K-Kt5. (6) Q-Q6 ch, K-R4. (7) P-Kt4 ch, K-R5. (8) Q x P ch etc.
If (1) . . K-R4. (2) Q-Q8 ch, K-Kt5. (3) Q-KB8 ch, followed by P-B7.

An easy lot and plenty of correct solutions. Alternative . . Q-R8 allowed in **A**. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay Smith, K. Beaumont, J. H. Frankland, L. G. Kennion, D. C. Mease, T. J. Simmonds.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 228

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 228, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Dec. 18.



ACROSS

1. Illustrates with light through an opening? (8)
5. Entertained a goddess in front of a large number (6).
9. Embellishment or the last word in the New Testament (8).
10. Following like a bird (6).
12. Potentially a pet river vessel (9).
13. " His bosom should — and his heart should glow " (Gilbert) (5).
14. Make love and kisses round the study; these are for bad students (6, 6).
18. Bulbs move suddenly on electrically charged particles (6, 6).
21. " Both parties nobly are subdued, And neither party —" (*K. Henry IV, Pt. II*) (5).
22. Islanders Saint Paul converted (9).
24. A little sand and the one thing a baby does (6).
25. The girl to be with a very short time (8).
26. Weakens and falls all round the ring (6).
27. Torments with the lusts of the flesh? (8).

DOWN

1. Concert and school drill provide help for performers (6).
2. Organised the detectives although the scent was bad? (6).
3. Dance with a strange bachelor (5).
4. The American to scribble a popular song (6, 6).
6. Distorted with a twisted emphasis on the north (9).
7. Furniture wrecked in the North Sea (8).
8. Entertainer Ensa used for variety (8).
11. Part of the book makes it sound as if it is all quiet at the scene of hostilities (12).
15. Now perish piecemeal the possession (9).
16. Dined among the idols distracted and alone (8).
17. It takes a magician to do well on nothing (8).
19. Island which has a success in half the time (6).
20. As escorts, we are objectively superior to a certain woman's (6).
23. Role played by Olivier in Hamlet (5).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 226

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 226

T. W. Wallace (*Gullane*), *Rev. C. H. Owen* (*Walton/Naze*), *Mrs. T. Schmoller* (*West Drayton*).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

LONDON County Council, Crown Woods School, Avery Hill, Eltham, S.E.9. Headmaster or Headmistress required for this new secondary school for 2,000 boys and girls expected to open summer term, 1958, probably to take up duty for preliminary planning beginning summer term, 1957, if possible. Head teacher allowance under new Burnham proposals expected to be approximately £1,215 (headmaster) or £1,129 (headmistress), making total salary, including other appropriate Burnham allowances (and including two-sevenths equal pay addition), about £2,338 (headmaster) or £2,098 (headmistress). School will offer wide variety of studies, academic and practical, some leading G.C.E. (all levels). Ample provision for studies in building, commerce and horticulture. There will be deputy headmaster or headmistress with substantial allowance, provision for other posts of special responsibility and full-time senior administrative officer with secretarial staff. Person of high academic qualifications, organising ability, wide experience and strong interest in whole field secondary education is sought. Apply on form EO/TS10 (Crown) (form TS10B for candidates who have completed form TS10 since August, 1955, and have nothing to alter) obtainable, with further particulars, from the Education Officer (EO/TS10), the County Hall, Westminster Bridge, London, S.E.1. Candidates who applied in response to previous advt. will be considered without re-application. Closing date Dec. 14, 1956.

AUSTRALIA. University of Queensland. Applications are invited for a Lectureship in Education. Applicants should have had teaching experience in secondary schools and be qualified to lecture in Principles of Education. It would be an advantage if the successful candidate could lecture in Methods of Teaching Modern Languages and/or Methods of Teaching Geography. A higher degree in Education would be an added qualification. The salary range attached to the position is £A1,300/£A1,750 per annum with annual increments of £A45. An allowance is made towards travelling expenses. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications, in Australia and London, is January 4, 1957.

APPLICATIONS are invited from suitable experienced men for appointment as Resident Superintendent at Stamford House, Goldhawk Road, W.12, which is to be reorganised as a combined Remand Home and Classifying Centre for 100 London boys. The classifying work will entail preparing a complete picture of social history, background, needs and potentialities of each boy committed to an approved school, recommending the school considered to be best suited to his needs, and providing those who will be responsible for his future care and training with a comprehensive report and recommendations for his treatment. The Superintendent will need to direct the staff of the centre as a team; to supervise the observation and testing of boys, the school work (probably with the assistance of a principal teacher), and the child care duties and day-to-day administrative work arising in an establishment for 100 boys. Salary £1,375 × £25—£1,500 plus a responsibility allowance of £150 and less £175 for board, lodging and laundry. Further details and application forms available from Children's Officer (G.1), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by January 12, 1957. (2294.)

ROYAL Melbourne Hospital and University of Melbourne, Australia. Applications are invited for the post of Medical Social Worker and Supervisor of the University Social Work Student Unit within the Almoner Department of the Royal Melbourne Hospital. Duties will also include some lecturing within the University Department of Social Studies. Salary according to the Hospitals and Charities Commission scale for chief almoners, at present £A960-£A1,064 per annum. Applications should reach the Registrar, University of Melbourne, Carlton, N.3, Victoria, Australia, as soon as possible and not later than January 2, 1957. A copy should be sent to the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 36 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. P. N. O'Donnell, Medical Superintendent, Royal Melbourne Hospital. F. H. Johnston, Registrar, University of Melbourne.

UNIVERSITY of London. Institute of Psychiatry. Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer in Psychology which will become vacant on April 1, 1957. Candidates should have the appropriate academic qualifications and experience of carrying out practical and research work in the field of clinical psychology. Salary scale £700 × £50—£1,400 with a Proficiency Bar at £1,000. Initial salary according to qualifications and experience. Membership of F.S.S.U. and Family Allowance Scheme. Application forms, to be returned as soon as possible, may be obtained from Sec., Institute of Psychiatry, Maudsley Hospital, Denmark Hill, S.E.5. Ref.: Psychol.

COST & Works Accountant—British Guiana. International aluminium company requires accountant for two to three year construction programme. Salary equivalent to £150 per month for particularly well qualified man. This job offers an opportunity of saving money, long leave, with good and varied experience. Write Box X.164, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

PETFOODS, Limited. A new opening exists in the Market Research department of Petfoods, Ltd., Melton Mowbray. The position, which is that of Surveys Supervisor, is for women applicants of up to 30 years old. The scope of the position, which provides an excellent training for work at an executive level, involves participation in coding and editing of surveys, analysis and presentation of results, design and piloting of questionnaires, and general co-ordination of field supervision together with occasional briefing of field-workers. The successful applicant will live in Melton Mowbray, but her work will take her to other parts of the country. Applications from graduates in the Social Sciences or Commerce would be particularly welcome, and a knowledge of statistical techniques would be a distinct advantage. Previous industrial experience is not required. This is an important staff position, and a salary commensurate with ability, experience and job responsibility will be paid. Applicants should write to the Personnel Officer, Petfoods, Limited, Melton Mowbray, Leicestershire, giving the following information: Personal details with educational background and business experience if any.

OXFORDSHIRE.—Swalcliffe Park School. The governors of this special school for maladjusted boys of average intelligence invite applications for a post on the teaching staff which will be vacant in January. The post would be of special interest to a man with a degree in psychology wishing to gain teaching experience. This qualification is not, however, essential—the right man is sought rather than the right qualifications. Burnham plus special school allowance, board and lodging in return for additional duties. Applications, with the names of three referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal, Swalcliffe Park School, nr. Banbury, Oxon.

CITY of Leicester Children's Committee.—Applications are invited for the appointment of Resident Assistant of family group home for 12-15 children at Countesthorpe, six miles from Leicester. Applicants should be aged 23 and over, and should have had previous experience with children. A Child Care Certificate or Home Nursing or First Aid Certificates would be an advantage. The Assistant will help the Housemother in all matters affecting the care of children between the ages of 2 and 18 years, and will take charge of the Home during the Housemother's absence on off-duty, holidays, etc. Adequate domestic assistance is employed. Salary £340 × £15—£385 per annum, less £113 per annum for board and lodging. 5 weeks annual leave, 1½ days off duty each week. Application forms from the Children's Officer, 20, Millstone Lane, Leicester, to be returned by December 15, 1956.

ROYAL National Institute for the Blind. Young sighted assistant resident master, preferably single, required in January, 1957 (if possible) for interesting and unusual post in recently established Centre for Blind Adolescents 16-18 years (recognised by the Ministry of Education) near Reigate, Surrey. Applicants must be active and versatile and have had experience with adolescents, not necessarily blind, and have general interest in and experience of Further Education, out-of-school and Youth Club activities, and need not necessarily be trained teachers. Special interest in one or more of the following is desirable: Music, Drama, Gardening, Poultry-keeping, Light Crafts, and Hobbies. Salary according to qualifications, training and experience. Superannuation. Applications (no Forms) to Secretary-General (Ref. EO), 224/8 Great Portland Street, W.1, within 14 days of appearance of advertisement.

BIRMINGHAM Borough Labour Party require an Organiser to work under the direction of the Borough Party Secretary. Salary and conditions in accordance with the National Agreement. Application forms from J. H. Nash, 25a Paradise St., Birmingham, 1, to be returned not later than Dec. 31, 1956.

NEWCASTLE-upon-Tyne Hospital Management Committee. Newcastle General Hospital (838 beds). Clinical Psychologist required for the new Professional Department of Psychological Medicine. Work includes intelligence and personality testing of patients referred by Clinicians. Research facilities available. The post involves the teaching of post-graduate students. The department works in conjunction with the department of Psychological Medicine, Kings' College Medical School, University of Durham, and participates in its teaching and research. Salary and conditions of service in accordance with P.T.A. Circular No. 39, i.e., Post-probationary period:—Scale at 30 years of age and over, £850 × £30(5) × £35(1)—£975 per annum. Applications, with full particulars or general enquiries concerning this post, should be sent to the Secretary, Newcastle General Hospital, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 4.

DIRECTOR of Hungarian Student Resettlement (U.K.) required by World University Service for immediate one-year appointment. Salary £850 p.a. Good organising ability; knowledge U.K. universities and technical colleges; ability to work with students; willing travel in U.K. Apply with full particulars within seven days to W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

APPLICS. invited for post of full-time Welfare Officer—female. Communications stating full partics., exp., etc., should be addressed to Assistant Secretary, Jewish Blind Society, 1 Craven Hill, W.2.

THE Appointments Committee of the Faculty of Archæology and Anthropology in the University of Cambridge give notice that they intend to appoint an Assistant Curator of the Museum of Archæology and Ethnology to hold office from January 1, 1957, or as soon after that date as possible. Preference will be given to a candidate with a knowledge of British and European Archæology. The appointment will be subject to the Statutes and Ordinances of the University. Pensionable stipend £500 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to £700 a year, or, if the Assistant Curator is ordinarily resident in College, £400 a year, rising by annual increments of £25 to £600 a year. Child allowance of £50 a year for each dependent child. In certain circumstances a limited contribution may be made towards removal expenses. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary of the Appointments Committee, to whom candidates should send ten copies of their application, together with the names of not more than three referees, addressed to the Faculty of Archæology and Anthropology, Museum of Archæology and Ethnology, Downing Street, Cambridge, to reach there by January 5, 1957.

GLACIER Metal Co., Ltd., Kilmarnock. Personnel Officer. Additional Personnel Officer required for rapidly expanding factory at present employing 1,250. Development within Company of new techniques in Personnel field adds to interest and extends scope of Personnel Officer's job. In addition to conventional Personnel duties there is pioneering work to be done in a new form of job evaluation (see "Measurement of Responsibility"—Elliott Jaques). Applicants should have experience/training Personnel Management, Social Science—or an engineering qualification with experience of Work, Methods or Time Study. Age 23-35 Commencing Salary £800-£900. Staff Bonus and Superannuation. Write E. C. Goldring, Personnel Manager, Glacier Metal Co., Ltd., Kilmarnock, Ayrshire.

EASTMAN Dental Hospital and Institute of Dental Surgery (University of London), Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1. Person with drawing ability required on research project for tracing X-ray films. 22 hrs. p.w. (3-4 days). Sal. £5 7s. 6d. p.w. Apply in writing to Secretary & Finance Officer.

A MANUFACTURING concern with a wide range of facilities for light hand assembly work in various trades requires a research officer to investigate and develop new lines of manufacture and other outlets for production. Applicants should have a sound knowledge of modern production methods and it would be an advantage if they have had some sales experience. The post, which is superannuated, is based in London but travelling is involved. Commencing salary £800/£900 p.a. according to experience and qualifications. Applications giving detailed particulars of experience and qualifications to Box NS 346, L.P.E., 55 St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2.

LONDON County Council requires assistant home-help organiser for duty in the first instance in the Westminster area. Energy and ability to manage staff required. Previous expce. in running a domestic help or similar social service desirable. Salary: £493 10s. × £35 5s.—£634 10s., commencing according to quals. and expce. Pensionable post. Applcn. form and details from Divisional Medical Officer, Division 2, 313-319 Harrow Road, W.9. Closing date December 15. (2291)

CHAIGELEY School, Thelwall, Nr. Warrington, Lancs. Applications are invited for the post of Matron in this residential special school for Maladjusted boys (ages 10 to 16). Must be interested in the problems of maladjusted and deprived children. Salary Scale according to qualifications and experience. For further particulars and application forms, apply to the Headmaster.

NATIONAL Institute for Research in Dairying. (University of Reading.) Assistant Experimental Officer (female) required as Personal Assistant to Head of Physiology Department. Degree in Biological Science or equivalent qualification, and good secretarial qualifications essential. Commencing salary according to age in scale. £455 (age 21)—£587 (age 26 or over on entry)—£755, with superannuation. Applications, with names of two referees, to reach Secretary of the Institute, Shinfield, Reading. Quote Reference 56/9.

QUALIFIED Social Worker required with special interest in the community care of mental defectives. Work varied and responsible. Salary according to A.P.T. Grade 1. Full information from the Secretary, Cambridgeshire Mental Welfare Association, 8 Alexandra Street, Cambridge.

DR. Barnardo's Homes have vacancies for Women Welfare Officers for East Anglia, also Northampton. Work includes Boarding Out, Case Work and After-Care. Social Science or Child Care Certificate an advantage. Car supplied. Apply Miss Dyson, 18 Stepney Causeway, E.1.

HANDCRAFT Instructress required for Home for Blind, Westgate. Salary £300-£400 p.a., non-resident, according to qualifications and experience. 5-day week. Experience with blind people not essential. Apply with full particulars, stating present salary, to Secretary-General, Royal National Institute for the Blind, 224 Great Portland Street, W.1.

ST. Gabriel's College, Cormont Road, London, S.E.5. Required in September, 1957, an additional Lecturer in Physical Education. Applicants should have had a recognised three-year training and good teaching experience with an interest in the modern approach to movement; they should be prepared to take responsibility for games, swimming, possibly some athletics, and to help with the general training of students in Physical Education. A Supplementary one-year Course will begin in September, 1957. Applications, with names and addresses of three referees, should be sent as soon as possible to the Principal.

ASSISTANT Organiser, Old People's Welfare, Clubs, Visiting Service, Holiday Schemes etc. Salary not less than £500 p.a. Social Science Degree or Diploma preferred. Closing date December 22. Full details (written requests only) from Manchester and Salford Council of Social Service, 16 Queen Street, Manchester 2.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Department of Public Health and Social Medicine. Applications are invited for two appointments as Research Social Workers in connection with a study of the social adjustment of discharged mental hospital patients. Appointments will be for two years, with salaries in the range £500 to £800 per annum, according to qualifications and experience. Candidates should be Psychiatric Social Workers, or qualified Social Workers with experience in the mental health field. Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, with whom applications, giving the names of two referees, should be lodged not later than December 31, 1956. Charles H. Stewart, Secretary to the University.

SCIENTIFIC Information Officer required for a senior appointment in the Information Department of the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, Wembley. Applicants should have a University degree and wide scientific knowledge and interests, together with experience in Information work and good writing ability. The Department serves several hundred graduates and handles the scientific and technical publications of the Laboratories. The work is varied and interesting, offering good prospects of advancement. Write, giving age and details of experience, education and qualifications, to the Staff Manager, Research Laboratories, the General Electric Co., Ltd., East Lane, North Wembley, Middx. (Ref. RLP/113.)

HOUSEMOTHERS required, adolescents' spastic centre, attractive surroundings, full social life. Apply Warden, Coombe Farm Resid. Centre, Oaks Rd., Croydon. ADD. 2310

EAST Suffolk County Council. Borough of Lowestoft Committee for Education. Applications are invited from suitably trained and experienced men and women for the post of Leader to the North Lowestoft Youth Club. The Club meets in its own premises and a small flat is available for the leader. Salary according to the Burnham Scale for Teachers. Application forms and full particulars can be obtained on receipt of stamped addressed envelope from the Borough Education Officer, 49 High Street, Lowestoft.

LEICESTER Family Service Units and Units in many other parts of the country require additional workers for the extension of their intensive work with "problem families." Social caseworkers interested in participating in this development can obtain details by writing to 25 St. Mary's Grove, London, N.1.

CITY of Birmingham. Public Health Department. Social Worker. Applications are invited for the above post in the Psychiatric Social Service of the Department. Salary scale A.P.T. II. (£629 17s. 6d. to £711 17s. 6d.). Applicants must possess a degree in Social Science or its equivalent and possession of a Mental Health Certificate would be an advantage. The work at present includes work with one of the City Mental Hospitals, after-care and community care and work with problem families. Medical examination; Superannuation Scheme. Further particulars from the Medical Officer of Health, Public Health Department, Birmingham.

PERSONNEL Officer—British Guiana. Applicants must have had at least five years personnel experience on construction or large engineering establishments. Must be able to start up personnel department. Preferably member of I.P.M. Single or married man. Salary range £150 to £175 per month. 2 or 3 year contract. Write Box X.165, c/o Streets, 110 Old Broad Street, E.C.2.

PERSONNEL Officer (female 24-40) required for large factory in East London. Duties include recruitment of labour, wages, joint consultation, welfare, etc. Exp. essen. Box 35, Southcombe's, 66 Victoria St., S.W.1.

THE Mulberry Bush School, Standlake, nr. Witney, Oxon (a special school for maladjusted children fully recognised by Ministry of Education), requires deputy matron as member of treatment team. Good salary and adequate free time. Intng. experimental work.

YOUTH club leader, full-time experienced, required for Mixed Youth Club West London. For further details apply, stating experience and qualifications, to Box 8766.

KODAK, Ltd., require copywriter for catalogues. Experience not essential but evidence of writing ability must be sent with application. Write Dept. 125A Kodak, Ltd., Wealdstone, Harrow, Middx.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

REQUIRED for trade union research department, adult shorthand-typist (man or woman) able to undertake some clerical duties as member of a busy team. The job might suit an adult clerk who is a competent typist. Commencing salary £8 14s. rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Write giving age and particulars of experience to Box 8892.

POLITICAL Writer requires services of young lady with good shorthand speeds and interested in International Politics, for Secretarial and Political work. Knowledge of French an advantage. Write giving age, qualifics, interests and salary reqd., Box 999, Reynells', 44 Chancery Lane, W.C.2.

REQUIRED for January, woman secretary to co-ordinate work of a team of technical executives at the head of a rapidly expanding engineering organisation. The post is one involving responsibility and applicants who should be competent shorthand-typists, should possess experience in office routine, preferably a knowledge of languages, and possibly some journalistic experience. Apply in writing: Managing Director, Nuclear Engineering, Ltd., Greenwich Metal Works, S.E.7.

FINANCE Clerk (Adult Male) with knowledge of book-keeping required for large organisation in Westminster. Knowledge of typing an advantage. Commencing salary £8 14s. per week, rising to £9 14s. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Good holidays and superannuation provision. Age & particulars of experience to Box 8683.

SECRETARY/Shorthand-typist for Architects' office London, W.1. Interesting work with responsibility. Age over 25. Minimum salary £8 10s. No Sats. Box 8695.

LONDON Travel Agency requires shorthand-typist to use dictaphone. 9.30-5.30, every other Saturday 9.30-12.30, some free foreign travel. Starting salary £9 to £9 10s. Age & reasonably full particulars to Box 8726.

CENTRAL London Travel Agency require 2 reservation assistants. Previous experience in travel business not essential but should be willing to learn a system and to deal with clients. Shorthand necessary in one and typing in both cases. Hours 9.30-5.30 and every other Saturday 9.30-12.30, some free foreign travel. Starting salary £9-£9 10s. State age and particulars. Box 8727.

BRITISH Council for Rehabilitation requires part-time record clerk/typist. Tavistock House, W.C.1. EUS. 4037.

SECRETARY Shorthand/Typist required for well-known Concert Agency, well-educated, must be able to work own initiative, age over 25. Apply Box 8917.

BI-LINGUAL French/English Private Secretary, aged 35 or over, required for Director old-established merchant concern in Aden. French shorthand essential. Excellent salary, living allowance, free furnished quarters. Contracts of 2 years'-service followed by 3 months' leave. Write with full particulars. Box 8886.

THERE are still vacancies for cook and maintenance man in Braziers House Team to be filled before Christmas. Salary equivalent to £8 per week (£5 deducted for board & lodging). Apply Warden, Braziers Park, Ipsden, Oxon.

CAREER women are offered the widest possible selection of vacancies at Fine's Agency. Secretaries, Shorthand and Copy Typists, Book-keepers, senior and junior, can be sure that all the most interesting and best-paid positions, both permanent and temporary, are open to them at any of our branches, 95-99 Praed St., W.2, 69 Fleet St., E.C.4, 12 Brompton Rd., Knightsbridge, S.W.1. (2 doors from The Scotch House.)

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 436 Strand, W.C.2 (almost facing Charing Cross Stn.). Permanent and Temporary office staff (m. & f.). Typewriting; Duplicating. TEM 6644.

£5 to £15. Appointments. Avian require all staff. M./f., perm./temp. No fees. 109 Tottenham Ct. Rd.,W.1, EUS. 2579/2719.

TRAVEL Agency central London require retired man for postal duties, some clerical work, also journeys to Consulate. Write, stating age & particulars, to Box 8725.

FRIENDS International Centre (Quakers), Bloomsbury, needs resident staff member mainly for cooking. Friends Service Council, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

TRY the West End Coffee Bar Employment Bureau, 4 Macclesfield Street, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.1. GERrard 2848 (3 lines).

DOMESTIC work in Switzerland! General Domestics required for posts in attractive homes. Excel. cond. & high salary to serious workers. Call or write Burnett Bureau, 77 Dean Street, London, W.1. GER. 9911.

HEAD cook wanted after Xmas for Domestic Science School. 4 in kitchen. Write Secretary, Winkfield Place, Windsor, Berks.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

LADY expd. in organisation, administration, personnel management, case work, local government, housing, public speaking, reqs. responsible part-time work. Box 8968.

PERSONABLE yng. married woman shs. 10-5 job or 5 half-days wkly., Lond. 8 yrs.' exp. rag trade, inc. modelling. Box 8653.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

RETIRED Colonial Administrator, moderate Socialist opinions, shs. empl. to help out pension. Pt.-time acceptable. Intg. work more important than size of salary. Box 8922.

INDIAN lady, artistic personality, intelligent interests, wants post as receptionist, assistant—medical, humanitarian, art or cultural. Responsible, sympathetic. Reasonable salary. Box 8825.

SQUAREPEG, aesthetic Miller-Technician, 41, 23 yrs. home & abroad, fluent Ptguese., gd. Spnsh., familiar others, types, sensible (rose to manager), shs. job in intellectual, humanin. envrmt., pubing., lang., welfare &c. Wife farm reared, excels hcrafts., gdn., etc., 1 boy. Highest refs. Box 8948.

EDUCATED single woman, 50, seeks part-time work, Kent or London. Five years teaching, visiting, handicapped children; six years welfare. Exceptionally patient. Interested progressive, curative work. Box 8790.

YOUNG lady requires interesting employment 2 days weekly. Would help author/journalist research work. Box 8758.

JOB sought 3 days a week by yng. lady; wd. welc. all suggestions from kindergartens to art galleries. Has worked in latter. Some teaching exp., typg., langs. Box 8862.

YOUNG Man (intelligent, 27), executive of provincial firm, bored by uncongenial job, seeks post in London. Interested in theatre, films, T.V. (tried acting but wasn't good enough). Types, drives car (if any petrol). Somebody's secretary? Box office work? No illusions. Anything but sweeping stage. Offers: Box 8986.

WOMAN grad. (Eng. Hons.), 25, sec. quals., 3 yrs. London publishers, seeks congenial empl., Woking area. Box 8834.

FELLOWSHIPS

LONDON County Council. Robert Blair Fellowship in Applied Science and Technology. Applications are invited for the award of the Robert Blair Fellowship tenable for one year of advanced study or research abroad in applied science and technology. The value of the award is subject to variation, and, if the country selected should be Canada or the U.S.A., may be up to £2,000 (subject to income tax). Candidates must be British subjects and at least 21 years of age. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Education Officer (EO/WA.14), The County Hall, S.E.1, (stamped addressed foolscap envelope necessary) for return by February 28, 1957. (8270)

THE University of Manchester. Simon Fellowships. The University offers a number of Simon Fellowships for advanced study or research in the social sciences. This term is used in a wide sense to include not only Economics, Government, etc., but equally, fields such as Education, Jurisprudence and Social Medicine. Values within the range £800-£1,350 per annum (Simon Research Fellowships) or within the range of £1,400-£1,750 per annum (Simon Senior Research Fellowships), according to qualifications and experience. They are open to members of the public services as well as to persons with academic experience. Applications should be sent by January 15, 1957, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained, and who will be pleased to answer any enquiries regarding the scope of the Fellowships.

PERSONAL

HAMPSTEAD Artists' Council. Christmas Craft Show. Burgh House, Well Walk. Pottery, weaving, cards, pictures. Daily 2.30-7.30 except Sundays.

SCH.-teacher widow (39) Hungarian, wishes spend Xmas holiday with friendly people as paying guest nr. London. Box 8959.

OPPORTUNITY occurs for purchase of progressive printing & publishing firm in Irish provincial centre. Very attractive for person with knowl. of the business. £11,000 to £12,000 capital reqd. Enqs.: Box 8750.

YNG. piano stud. (f) N.W.3 area urg. shs. opportunity practice evgs. exch. baby sitting. Other suggestions, welc. Box 8882.

AUTHOR wd. be grateful for aid in finding cottage Balearic Islands/similar. Austin Lee, Ballyconnelly, Co. Galway.

SEA-SHORE cottage wanted for don and wife. Easter. July/Aug. Must be Mediterranean coast. Suggestions? Box 8928.

WOULD anyone give interesting job to woman recovering from anxiety neurosis? Efficient in right place. University administrative experience, typing; academic standard German/French. Box 8973.

HANDWRITING and Character. Explanatory outline sent free. Box 8385.

FRENCH family (boy, 2 yrs.) want Engl. girl for 6 months. Thévenon, Lesarsures, Jura, France.

GIRL, 25, shs. Sat. job. Office & shop exp. but anything consid. Box 8959.

GERMAN girl, conscientious and well-educated, seeks domestic work in congenial Hampstead household. Box 8890.

LIVELY & spirited male pensioner, educated, bi-lingual, requires accommodation in return for French tuition, companionship, odd jobs, etc., anywhere, any offers? P.P., 34 Woodstock Rd., Chiswick, W.14.

PERSONAL—continued

FOSTER home urgently required in London, North-West Middlesex or Buckinghamshire for two exceptionally intelligent brothers aged 5 and 6 years. Children of professional people who have maintained no contact with them. Details from the Area Children's Officer, 313 Harrow Road, W.9.

AMATEUR 'cellist would like to play string quartets with keen but not too elementary players; possibly on tuition basis. West London. Box 8864.

COMFORTABLE lodging in doctor's home for spare-time help children. GIP. 0678.

YNG. univ. lecturer, wife req. seaside/entry. cottage, Aug. 17-31, '57. Box 8791.

TENOR reqs. expd. singing, piano teachers, accompanist, M./F., London. Box 8830.

2 DISSIDENT socialists sk. others to share communally run house/flat. Also any offers accomm. N./N.W. London? Box 8831.

VIENNA. Carnival, opera, ski-ing. 2 car seats avail. Jan. 19-Feb. 2, '57. Box 8837.

COUNTRY holiday home offered two educated children 13 yrs. up. Jennings, Cambo, Morpeth, Northumberland.

FREE wk.-day board & lodging with writer's family to girl (student?) in exchange some baby-sitting, N.W.7. Box 8698.

EX-NURSE offers comfortable home convalescents or elderly. Short stay or perm. Mod. terms. Mrs. Thompson, 35 Westgate Bay Av., Westgate/Sea. Thanet 31423.

WRITER, published, too versatile, M.A. (engt., potential verse drmtst., offers N.W.1 either s/c, b/s, and/or use quiet study, trng. in lit. translin., in exch. imaginative pract. help towards realizing potential; equitable share resultant royalties. Box 8985.

FP: "Friends of the Future" is a small movement which could grow big. See under "Books & Publications."

ART of Living: Dec. 31-Jan. 11. Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; Jan. 11-Mar. 8, research only.

LAKE District. Board and accommodation available for party of 90 from April 18-23. Apply immediately, Bursar, Charlotte Mason College, Ambleside, Westmorland.

CHINESE Lessons. Private/Class/Postal Tuition (tutor visiting if required). Translations from/into Chinese, abstracting, etc. 13 Tidewell Rd. S.W.15. (PUT. 5229.)

GUITAR lessons. Few vacs. Alexis Chesnakov, 48a Cathcart Rd., S.W.10. FLA. 4354.

LONDON School of Bridge. 38 King's Road, S.W.3. KENsington 7201.

CHRISTMAS and New Year in Spain. Short sea route via Paris. 8 days house party, Costa Brava, 4 days Barcelona, £40 inclusive. "New Vistas" Travel, 99 Uxbridge Road, Hampton, Middx. Molesey 2105.

SKI with the Club Méditerranée of Paris. Combine the joys of ski-ing with the informality and gaiety of a French club. Travel Counsellors Ltd., 139 Kensington High Street, London, W.8. WES. 1517.

COME to Moscow for the World Youth Festival, August, 1957. Here's the chance of a lifetime for direct personal contacts and free and open discussion with young people from all over the world. £47 inclusive! If you're under 30 send s.a.e. for details to British Youth Festival Committee, 351 Goswell Road, London, E.C.1.

WINTER Sports at Christmas or in the New Year. Following the great rush on our Winter Sports arrangements, we can offer you some vacancies in our additional parties to Gerlos, Alpbach, Ischgl, Kuehtai, Champéry, Zermatt and Verbier. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

ENJOY your winter sports to the full in France. French food, French gaiety, and superb modern equipment. Particularly advantageous terms offered for the coming season at Chamonix. Exhilarating ski-ing by day, a round of pleasure after dark. Details on request from your Travel Agent or from the French Government Tourist Office, 178 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

YOUNGSTERS' (8 to 18) Country House Party. Ponies to ride and Pantomimes to see; Dances, Fancy Dress, Square and Ballroom Dances; organised outings, from December 20 to January 15. Fedsden School, Parndon Hall, Harlow, Essex. (Mrs. K. Clare, J.P.)

CHRISTMAS House Parties: we invite a few men or couples to join our parties for professional people near London in Surrey, Berkshire, Bedfordshire, Warwickshire. Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911 & 9225.

LARGE hall & rooms to let daytime only. Canteen avail. 15 mins. bus Charing X. Griffiths, Friendship Hse., 300 Wandsworth Rd., S. Lambeth, S.W.8. MAC. 4897.

CONFERENCES, Week-end and Summer Schools at The Mount, Haverhill, Suffolk. Accomm. 50. Fully equipped. Extensive gdns., tennis, etc. Excel. food. Vacancies 1957. Short notice bkgs. accepted. Terms according to numbers and length of stay. Apply Warden.

"KNOW-HOW" brings you Writing Success, No Sales—No Fees. Send for Free N.I "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

PERSONAL—continued

REPRODUCTION Guernica, full colour 49in. × 22in. Ideal for decorative schemes. Published by Stedelijk Museum, Amsterdam. 42s. Sybil Croft, 23 Elm Av., Watford Heath, Herts.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St., London, S.W.1, remind all their busy customers that they will be open until 5 p.m. the following Saturdays before Christmas: December 8, 15 and 22. Primavera for exquisite Christmas presents.

YOUR favourite text or verse tastefully hand lettered and framed in passe partout—from 10s 6d. Ideal gift. Send your requirements to—Partington, 1, The Crescent, Moss Lane, Timperley, Cheshire.

ABBATT Toyshop sells the right toys for the right age. Post orders also welcome; write for Xmas List. Dept. N., Paul & Marjorie Abbatt, 94 Wimpole St., W.1.

VICKY Xmas Cards, 8d. each, 12 @ 5s. 9d., 50 @ 20s. All post free. Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

APPLES. Compost grown. No sprays or fertilisers. Newton Wonder (cook or eat). 24s. for 40lb. box, wrapped, delivered. Baker, Button End, Harston, Cambs.

REGINALD Reynolds' new play for the toy theatre, Massacre of Penny Plain, 3s. 6d. Catalogue of theatres & plays: Benjamin Pollock, 44 Monmouth St., W.C.2.

BUSINESSMEN find Barbell exercise healthful and relaxing. Try it yourself at Ravelle Gymnasium, 9 Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.2. TRA. 6330.

TYPEWRITERS. Modern Portable machines for hire from £1 monthly. Tel. Robert Ropkins. WEL. 6655 for details.

JUST arrived from the Continent, for callers at the New Vince Man's Shop, Newburgh St., Foubert's Place, Regent Street, W.1. GER. 3730, London's most interesting display of gifts for men. Autumn catalogue sent on request.

CHRISTMAS gifts of lasting value: Contemporary French Paintings, framed from 50 gns. Original Gouaches "Views of Venice" by Giacomo Guardi, from 120 gns. Drawings and Etchings from 5 gns. Original Hand-coloured Flower Prints (1818-1827) by Redouté, from 8 gns. Marlborough, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1.

ARGO L.P. records for Christmas—"A Festival of Lessons & Carols" (RG 39), "Under Milk Wood" (RG 21, 22). Price 39s. 7½d. each from your dealer or direct from Argo Record Co., 29, George St., W.1.

WRITE for Profit. Send today for interesting free booklet. Regent Institute (Dept. E/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

HOW to Write & Sell. Send today for free folder, "What's in it for you." The Writer, 124, New Bond Street, London, W.1.

FOREIGN Languages an Asset, "Au pair" posts for young girls, excellent homes, France, Germany, Belgium, available. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7.

FOREIGN Girls, domesticated & willing, immediately avail. Eductour, 10 Exhibition Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 8806/KNI. 4132.

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PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, S. Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

CONTEMPORARY Christmas cards. Exclusive designs by Pietro Annigoni, Denis Mathews, Henry Moore, John Piper, Ceri Richards, etc., in aid of the National Fund for Polio Research. Send s.a.e. for illustrated leaflet to Christmas Card Dept., N.F.P.R., 15 Manson Place, S.W.7.

MR. M. DAVIDSON, F.S.M.C., Ophthalmic Optician attends at The Hatton Optical Co., 19 Hatton Gardens, Holborn, E.C.1. (Tel. HOL. 8193.)

XMAS is coming but Duff Gordon's El Cid Sherry is here! Try it wherever good sherry is to be had. You'll find that a bottle or two makes a delightful present.

MEDICI & Cathay Arts Christmas cards. Open all day Saturday. Hogarth Gallery, 16a Hogarth Place, S.W.5. FREmantle 3328.

HUMANISM: A philosophy for modern man. Write: Rikical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8. WES. 2341.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and Reservists.

MR. Robert St. John sees private and clinic patients for the Bates System of Visual Re-education in London, Liverpool & Manchester. 72 Gloucester Pl., W.1. WEL. 4042.

TAPE Recorders: Ring GULliver 2083 for free home demonstration.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TOWER Theatre, Canonbury Pl., N.1. Tavistock Rep. Our Town, by Wilder, 7.30. Fri. Dec. 7, Sat. 8. (Last 2 perfs.) 9-6 p.m. CAN. 3475; 6-9 p.m. CAN. 5111.

THEATRE Royal, Stratford, E.15. MAR. 5973. "Captain Brassbound's Conversion," Shaw. Tues.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30. Closed Mons.

ARTS. TEM. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. Mon.), Sat. Sun. 5 & 8. "The Bald Prima Donna" & "The New Tenant." Mems. only.

UNITY. BUS. 5391. "World on Edge." A Living Newspaper. Fri. Sat. Sn. 7.45 Mem.

UNITY. Sats., Audience Discussion. This week, James Cameron (N. Chronicle).

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Until Dec. 9: Clouzot's "The Wages of Fear" (A). From Dec. 10: The Marx Bros. in "A Night in Casablanca" (U).

NATIONAL Film Theatre, South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Dec. 8. Members and Associates only. Carla del Poggio, Guilietta Masina in "Luci Del Varieta." Dir.: Fellini & Lattuada. 3, 6.15, 8.30.

ROXY. Bay. 2345. Dec. 9, 7 days. Deb. Kerr, A. Ladd. Thunder in the East (A).

HOLBORN Film Soc. Jan.-Apr. '57. Half-season subs. 8 shows 12s., 4 shows 7s. Wages of Fear, Ninotchka, Miss Julie, Marcellino, Fire in the Sun, Marx Bros. at Circus, Fan Fan la Tulipe; shorts. Guests 2s. Hon. Sec., 198 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 3411.

"AUSTRIA," Film show & Talk by Count L. de Hoyos. Two new colour films, "Ski Paradise Arlberg" & "Wings to Austria," Wed., Dec. 12, at 6 p.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. (nr. Holborn Tube). Res. Tickets 3s. 6d. (Members & Students 2s. 6d.) from Anglo-Austrian Society, 139 Kensington High St., W.8 (WES. 9003). Unres. at door 3s. 6d.

BULGARIAN Evening. Music (A. L. Lloyd), Dancers, Readings. Conway Hall, Friday, Dec. 14, 7 p.m. Adm. 1s. 6d. Refreshments available from 6 p.m.

THE Continental Club, 3 Circus Rd., St. John's Wood, N.W.8. Dancing every Wednesday, Friday, Saturday & Sunday, 8 until 11.30 p.m. Interesting language practice evgs. every Tuesday and Thursday. Espresso coffee bar. Write, call or tel. PRI. 7479, evgs.

A CHRISTMAS Ball will be held at 5 Leicester Place (off Leicester Sq.), Sat., Dec. 15, 8 p.m. to midnight. Band, bar, adm. 4s. 6d. Organised L.Y.F.C.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1, Sat., Dec. 8, 8-11 p.m. At Home: Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Members 3s. Guests 5s.

SPEND a happy evening at International Friendship League, Hampstead, Christmas Party, Dec. 10, 8 p.m., Rosslyn Hall, Willoughby Rd., N.W.3 (5 mins. Hampstead Tube). Dancing, spot prizes, novelties, running buffet. All welcome. Tickets 2s. 6d.

JOHN Husted's Skiffle Group, etc., at Christmas Social, Sat., Dec. 8, 8 p.m. 1 Brockley Avenue, Stanmore.

AFRICAN Forum—Inter-racial social evening. 32 Percy Street, W.1. (Tott. Ct. Rd.). 7 p.m. December 14. Admission 2s.

DAILY Worker International Fair. Buy wonderful Christmas Gifts at Prince of Wales Baths, Kentish Town Rd., N.W.1. Dec. 7 and 8, 11 a.m.-10 p.m.

CONCERTS

SUNDAY, December 9, at 7.30, Royal Festival Hall. Fountains of Rome—Respighi; Violin Concerto—Bartok; Symphony No. 1—Sibelius. Max Rostal, Sir Malcolm Sargent, London Symphony Orchestra. 7s. 6d. to 21s. Hall (WAT. 3191) & Agents.

GRILLER String Quartet. Sun., Dec. 9 at 3—Royal Festival Hall. Quartets in A, K.464, Mozart; No. 2, Bartok; in E flat, Op. 127, Beethoven. Tickets 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & Agts.

VICTORIA Kingsley. Songs with guitar and native drum. Wigmore Hall, Thurs., Dec. 13, at 7.30. 9s., 6s., 3s., at Hall (WEL. 2141) & Agents. Imperial Concert Agency, 20 Kingly St., W.1.

HOMAGE to Casals (on the eve of his 80th Birthday). Friends House, Dec. 28, 8 p.m. Dennis Brain Ensemble of Distinguished Cellists. London Bach Group, Collegium Musicum Londinii, John Minchinton. Tkts. 10s.-3s. 6d. Chappells & Agts.

XMAS Music, Central Hall, Westminster, Dec. 20, 7.30. Bach, Byrd, Liszt, Pearson, Weekes Carols. Gordon Watson, piano. London Bach Group. John Minchinton. Tkts. 7s. 6d.-2s. 6d. Hall and Chappells.

NEW Music—Mon., Dec. 17, at 7.30, in Arts Council Drawing Room, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. April Cantelo, Joy Boughton, Anne Macnaghten, Pauline Jackson and Arnold Ashby. Songs by Hugo Cole and Holst, Quartet by Salzedo. Other new works.

CONTEMPORARY Jewish Artists Exhibition, Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. 8 p.m., Sat., Dec. 8. Opher Carmi, Violin; Noemi Pincus, Dramatic Soprano. Adm. 2s.

ORTHODOX Youth Assocn. of Gt. Britain and Ireland. Concert by Young Musicians' Chamber Orchestra in aid of Sufferina Hungarians at St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, Dec. 8, 8 p.m. Adm. free. Silver collection.

CONCERTS—continued

ROYAL Festival Hall. Wed., Dec. 12, at 5.45, André Fleury—Organ Recital. Works by Bach, Fleury & Vierne. Tickets: 3s. 6d. WATerloo 3191 & Agts.

I.C.A., 17, Dover St., W.1. Mon., Dec. 10, 8.15 p.m. Jazz: Tribute to Art Tatum by Bill Jones. Kansas City Style by Hector Stewart. Mem. 1s. 6d. Gsts. 2s. 6d.

EXHIBITIONS

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., S.W.1. Artists of Today. Pictures donated by well-known artists to be sold for the Multiple Sclerosis Society. Nov. 27-Dec. 22. Free.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery: Jewish Artists in England 1656-1956. A Tercentenary Exhibition. Last three days. Today and Sat. 11-6; Sunday 2-6. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate E. Station.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., 3 exhibs.: Henry Lamb, R.A., John Craxton, Michael Ffolkes. 10-5.30. Sat. 10-1.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18, Old Bond Street, W.1. French Masters—Courbet, Fantin, Pissarro, Sisley, Utrillo, etc. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

TOOTH'S: Recent Acquisitions XI: Paintings by Hogarth, Stubbs, Degas, Pissarro, Modigliani, Braque, Picasso, etc. Daily 9.30-6. Sats. 9.30-1. 31 Bruton St., W.1.

MODERN Italian Art from the Estorick Collection. Arts Council Exhib. Tate Gall. Open till Dec. 19. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tu., Thurs., 10-8; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Retrospective Exhibition of Paintings by Max Ernst. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1. Until December 15. 142 New Bond St., W.1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Ceramic Figures by Audrey Blackman. Pottery by John Eaves. Dly. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Christmas Present Exhibition.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield Street, W.C.2. Picasso Etchings. Maillol Lithographs. Until Dec. 29.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Picture Fair. Opens December 13. Draw December 20. Tickets 15gns. Your draw may be worth £200. Adm. free.

HENRI Gaudier-Brzeska. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 19, Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6; Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. (Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.). Admission 1s. (admits to Bevan also).

ROBERT Bevan. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till Jan. 19. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6; Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. (Closed Dec. 22-26 incl.) Adm. 1s. (admits to Gaudier-Brzeska also).

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, W.1. Stephen Tennant, Designs. Dly. 11-6.

REDFERN Gallery, 20, Cork Street, W.1. The 1956 Exhibition of Original French & English Lithographs. Picasso; Braque; Sutherland, etc. Hours 10-6, Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. 20th Century Drawings, also Paintings on Silk by Bettina. Private View, Tuesday, Dec. 11 at 4. Until Jan. 11.

IMPERIAL Inst., S.W.7. Royal Portraits & other Paintings, Llewellyn Petley-Jones. Till Dec. 30 (closed 24 & 25). Adm. free. Mon.-Fri. 10-4.30. Sat. 10-5. Sun. 2.30-6.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Paintings by John Bratby. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Electricity in the Service of Medicine; Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health; and other exhibitions. Mon-Fri., 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

CONTEMPORARY Jewish Artists Exhibition. Zion House, 57 Eton Ave., N.W.3. Lectures in conjunction with the University of London (Extra-Mural Dept.), at 8 p.m., fee 2s. per lecture. Thurs., Dec. 13, "Psychological Aspects of Modern Art—Freud & Jung," Dr. Walter Schindler.

THE London Society of Jews & Christians. Rabbi C. E. Cassell, of the West London Synagogue & Canon Marcus Knight, of St. Paul's, will speak on Jewish & Christian ceremonies at Kings Weigh House Church Hall, Binney St., Oxford St., W.1, on Wed., Dec. 12, at 8.15 p.m. The Rev. Dr. B. Joseph, of Hackney Synagogue, in the chair. All are welcome.

HOLIDAY lectures on the Theatre for Young People: Dec. 28, Donald Wolfit; Jan. 1, George Devine; Jan. 3, Madame Marie Rambert. For details write to the Secretary, British Drama League, 9 Fitzroy Square, W.1.

CONWAY Discussions. Conway Hall, Red Lion Square, W.C.1. Weekly discussion in the Library on Tuesday, Dec. 11, at 7.15 p.m. A. D. Howell Smith, B.A., "Did Jesus Ever Live?" Adm. free. Collection.

SPLACE Ethical Soc., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday 11 a.m. Dec. 9. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D. "The Mayan Civilisation and Our Own." Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

"EUROPEAN Crisis." Speaker: F. A. Ridley. Chairman: F. Maitland. Tues. Dec. 11, Holborn Hall, London, at 7.45 p.m.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

REIGATE Divisional Labour Party. Tribune Brains Trust. Barbara Castle, John Baird, Lord Farringdon, Hugh Jenkins, Richard Clements. Friday, Dec. 14, at 8. Market Hall, Redhill. Admission 1s.

PUBLIC Debate: "Which Organisation should the Working Class support, the Socialist Party of Great Britain or the Militant Socialist Group?" Friday, December 14, 7.30 p.m. Bethnal Green Library. (Nr. Beth. Grn. Cent. Line Stn.) Buses 8, 106, 653.

OXFORD Union & Union Society of London. Joint Debate, Wed., Dec. 12, 8 p.m. "U.S.A. Gives Greater Promise of Effective Multi-racial Society than British Commonwealth." Vis. welc. Common Room, Gray's Inn. Entr. nr. Chancery Lane Tube.

CENT. Lond Fabian Soc. Wed., Dec. 12, 7.30. "The Deep South," Norman MacKenzie. 57 Dean St., W.1. Vis. 2s.

LET'S Get This Straight. Men's Discussion Group. 113 Broadley Street, N.W.8. Dec. 11, 8 p.m. "Pacifism & Protection from Aggression": Fred Moorhouse.

"THE New Hero," sociological implications. Stephen Schenk. Wed., Dec. 12, 7.30 p.m. 13, Prince of Wales Terrace, Ken. High St. Progressive League.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, December 9, 6.30. Music & Readings. 7 p.m. A. D. Howell Smith: "The Dead Sea Scrolls."

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Rd., W.8, at 6 p.m., on Dec. 15. Commandant Max Vivier (Alliance Française): "Un 'self-made man' français: Bonaparte."

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Thurs. Dec. 13, 8.15 p.m. Art: Frank John Roos: An Art Historian looks at Contemporary American Painting: Illustrated. Chairman: Denys Sutton. Members 1s. 6d. Guests 3s.

BRITISH-Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship. London Branch. Coffee Hour. Tues. Dec. 11, 7.30 p.m. India Club, 41 Craven St. (next Charing X Stn.) Desmond Donnelly. "The Cold War & the Thaw—its Effect on Asia." Admission 1s. 6d. All welcome

RACIAL Unity: Lecture. "Anti-Semitism Today" by Mr. D. Wallace Bell. 32 Tavistock Square, Monday, Dec. 10, 7 p.m.

INFLUENCE of American Film. Speaker: Marie Seton. Chairman: Gordon Schaffer. Dec. 14, 7.30 p.m., Caxton Hall.

K. ZILLIACUS, M.P., Peter Fryer, Rev. Stanley Evans, Rev. Edward Charles. Forum presented by the Society of Socialist Clergy & Ministers: "The Socialist World Today." Significance of Poland, Hungary, etc. Holborn Assembly Hall, John's Mews, off Theobalds Rd. Thurs., Dec. 13, 7.30 p.m. Adm. 1s.

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington P. Gdns., W.11 (PARk 7696). Fri., Dec. 7, 8 p.m., Prof. J. Lavrin, "Lermontov," Fri., Dec. 14, 8 p.m., G. Adamovitch, "The Spirit of Russian Literature" (in Russian w. translations).

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri. Dec. 14, 8.30. A. E. Telling: "Town and Country Planning." 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Off Leinster Tce.

"THE New Testament & Rabbinic Judaism"—Lecture by Prof. David Daube, Sunday, Dec. 9, at 3.30 p.m., in the Hall of the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opp. Lord's Cricket Ground). All welcome.

LECTURE on Groddeck by Oscar Kollerström. Caxton Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. 8.30 p.m. Monday, Dec. 10, Groddeck's "Therapy and Therapeutic Theory." Colln.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NEW Year School, Beatrice Webb House, Dorking. December 28-30. Ian Mikardo, Anthony Wedgwood Benn, Sydney Jacobson, David Pickard. Details: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

ARTS Week-end, Dec. 28-30, Lodge Hill, Pulborough, Sx., arranged by Progressive League. Lectures, films, music, poetry, painting, ballroom and country dancing. Friendly holiday atmosphere. Only few places left. Fees: Members £2 17s. 6d., non-Members £3 2s. 6d. Apply Booking Secretary, White Cottage, Burton Hole Lane, N.W.7. Tel.: Mill Hill 3725.

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Fri., Jan. 4-Sun., Jan. 6: "Getting Married." For engaged couples. Fri., Feb. 1-Sun., Feb. 3: "Christianity in the Modern World." Fri., Feb. 8-Sun., Feb. 10: "The Humanist Outlook." Spring Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, nr. Devizes, Wilts.

UNIVERSITY of London, School of Slavonic and East European Studies, London, W.C.1. Under the direction of Prof. W. K. Matthews, the School will hold an intensive course of Russian for teachers from Wednesday, April 3, to Tuesday, April 16, 1957. Advanced and intermediate classes will be provided. The course will be non-residential, in London, and the tuition fee will be £10 10s. Teachers interested should apply for details to the Secretary of the School as above (MUSeum 9782).

LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

UNIVERSITY of Durham Institute of Education. The Institute offers a one-year full-time course to experienced serving teachers in primary schools. The next course will begin in September, 1957. Teachers who are accepted are eligible for secondment on full salary. Teachers who are interested should apply to the Secretary for Teachers' Courses, Institute of Education, 10 Leazes Terrace, Newcastle-on-Tyne 1

FIRCROFT. Residential College for Working Men. Scholarships and bursaries are available for a one-year course of study in Economics, Politics, History, International Relations, Social Studies, English Language and Literature, etc., for the session beginning September, 1957. Details, copies of the prospectus and application forms from the Warden, Fircroft College, Birmingham 29.

LONDON University & other Exams. University Correspondence College prepares students for General Certificate of Education (for Entrance Faculty requirements, or direct entry to Degree), Inter. & Final Exams. for B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc. Econ., B.Sc. Soc., LL.B. & Diplomas, G.C.E. (all levels, all other Examining Bodies). Law, Prospectus from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

OVER 60 postal courses are now available free to most trade unionists. Others pay a modest fee. The courses range from Public Speaking and Chairmanship to Automation. Send a stamped addressed envelope for details to J. P. M. Millar, General Secretary, N.C.L.C., Tillicoultry, Scotland.

POSTGRADUATE Training in Educational and Clinical Psychology, 1957-58. The Selection Committee invite applications for a three-term training for psychologists at certain Child Guidance Clinics in London. Applicants must be over 25 years and should have an Honours Degree in Psychology or equivalent psychological qualifications, together with previous experience of responsible work with children. Further particulars, with form to be returned by December 31, 1956, from the National Association for Mental Health (Education Dept.), 39 Queen Anne St., W.1.

SLADE School of Fine Art, University College, London. Candidates for admission in October, 1957, should submit application forms by December 15, 1956, to the Secretary, Slade School of Fine Art, University College, London, Gower St., W.C.1, from whom forms and conditions of entry may be obtained.

LEARN Chinese. Beginners start Jan. term. Weekly Evening Class. Princeton College of Languages and Commerce, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. L.C.C. auspices. Fully qualified tutor. Apply Britain-China Friendship Association, 22a Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1.

MORE . . . must learn Russian, Govt. report advises. Individual tuition by Englishman who knows the difficulties. Chelsea. Afternoons, evenings. Box 8919.

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DARTINGTON Music School, Director of Music, Richard Hall, provides a full-time general musical education for performers & teachers, with individual tuition in voice & instruments. In being residential the School offers exceptional facilities for chamber music, ensemble playing & choral singing. Scholarships are awarded. Prospectus from the Secretary, The Arts Centre, Dartington Hall, Totnes, S. Devon.

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2 foreign students received in priv. family. Eng. lessons for Camb. Cert. Refs. Mrs. Kinloch, 4 Cedric Rd., Westgate-on-Sea.

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LECTURE, COURSES, ETC.—continued

EXP. Tuit. Latin/Greek/French. Day & Eve. J. Brouard, B.A. Hons. 1st., M.A. Lond., 29 Dalebury Rd., S.W.17. BAL. 1682.

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SCHOLARSHIPS

ABBOTSHOLME School. Scholarships of £100 and £200 per annum and some bursaries available for competition to boys between 10 and 11 and between 13 and 14 for entry to the School. Tests in late March. Further details from Headmaster, Abbotsholme, Rocester, Uttoxeter, Staffs.

BADMINTON School, Westbury-on-Trym, Bristol. Two open scholarships, one of £100 p.a. and one of £60 p.a., and a music scholarship varying from £40 to £100 p.a., will be offered on the results of the next Entrance Examination. This will be held in February, 1957, for girls aged between 11 and 14 the following September. Full particulars from the Headmistress.

LEIGHTON Park School, Reading. Five Scholarships up to £160 and 1 up to £240 will be awarded on the result of an examination held in Feb. Also Exhibitions for Music & Art. Apply to Headmaster.

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BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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"SANITY in Storm" by R. Palme Dutt; S. Silverman, M.P., in the series Socialist-Communist Relations II; and special articles on Suez, the Rents Bill, and Hungary, in the December "Labour Monthly," 1s. 6d. all agents or 9s. half-yearly sub. from N.S., 134b Ballards Lane, London, N.3.

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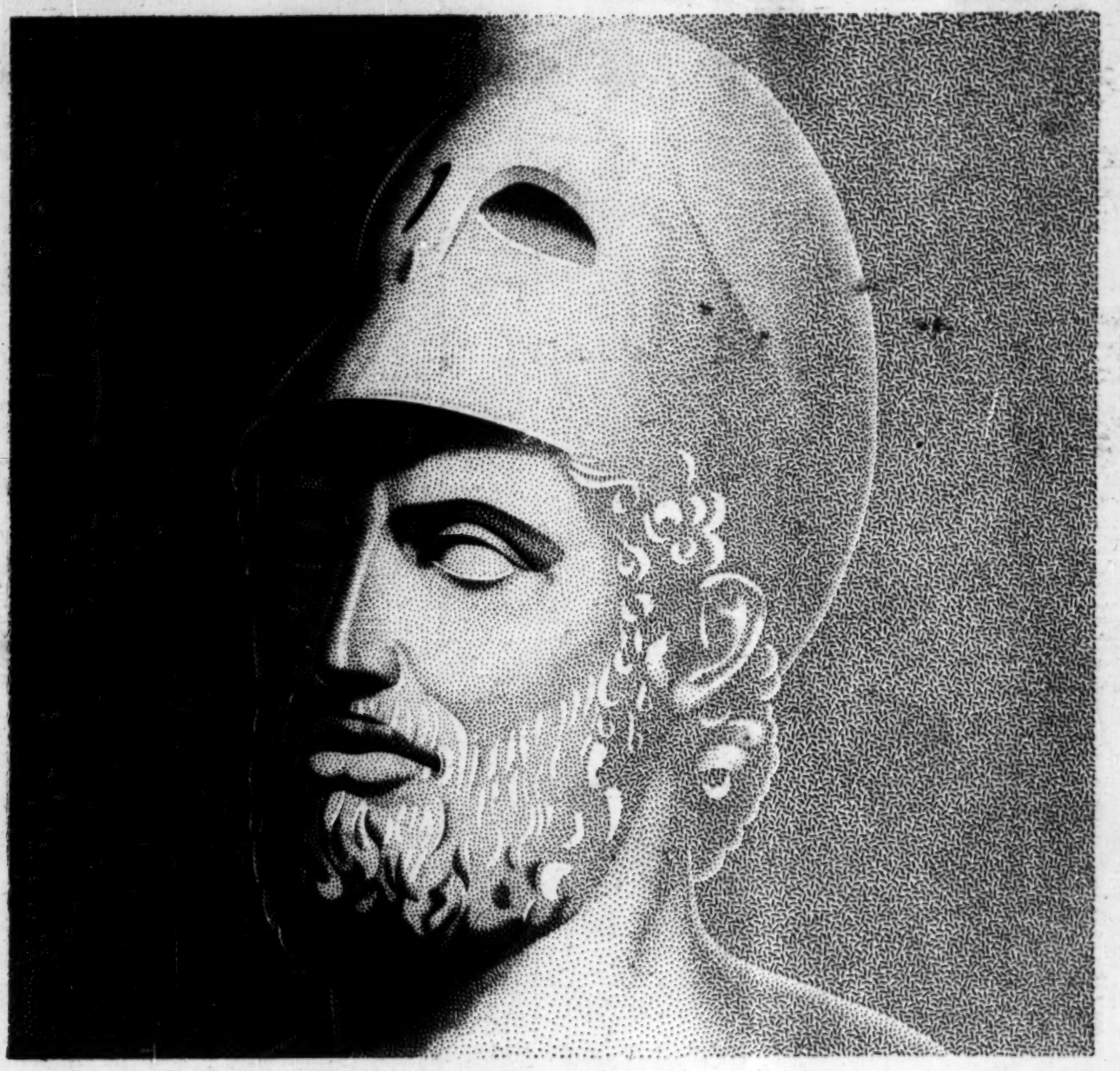

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